THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXII—No. 1462

DECEMBER 23, 1931

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The BYSTANDER

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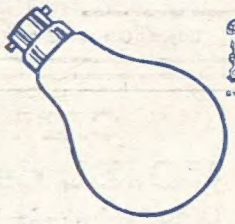

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Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix. Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant Grill. Echenard, Mgr.

Morgins.—Hotel Victoria.—New propr. 1st cl. fam. hotel in right spot for winter sports. Cent. heat. Fr. 10s. incl.

THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 23, 1931

Nº 1462, VOL. CXII.

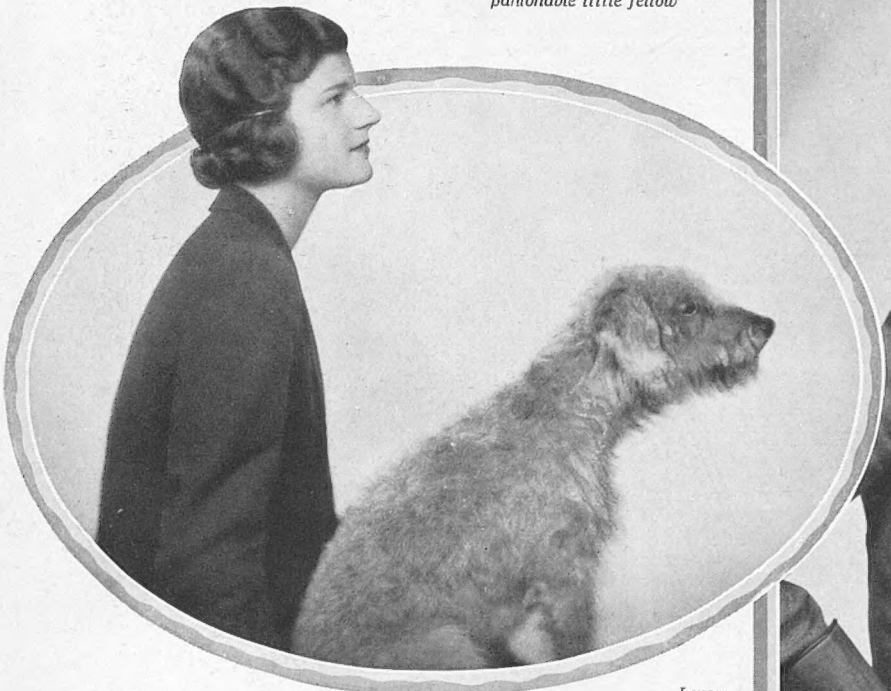
the BYSTANDER

HERE'S the COMPLIMENTS of the SEASON!

BEAUTIES and their BEASTS

Sasha

Miss Jane Baxter, who will be seen in "Two White Arms," the talkie which Adolphe Menjou is making in this country. With her (as they say in legal circles) Michael the Dachshund. Like most dachshunds he has a charming nature and is a most companionable little fellow



Lenare

The Hon. Eileen Brougham and her dog—all too often described as "and friend"—pay a visit to the photographer. She is the only sister of Lord Brougham and Vaux

Right: Miss Gina Marlo, the clever young actress who scored a big success in "Viktoria and Her Hussar." Her companion comes of a well-known Scottish family, but there is nothing dour about him

Sasha

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh about to open the new single-span concrete bridge over the river Spey at Grantown by cutting a ribbon with a silver claymore. Owing to the unfortunate fact that no British ribbon was available, the tartan ribbon used for the ceremony, that of the Grant Seafields, was imported from Switzerland

the passing hour

YET another great mansion is for sale. It looks as though there will be few left in the hands of their previous owners very soon if this goes on. Lullingstone Castle, which has been in the family of the late Sir William Hart Dyke for 500 years, is for sale. Lord Derby cannot maintain the cost of the upkeep of Derby House. Lord Harewood and Princess Mary are trying to sell Chesterfield House. Lady Louis Mountbatten is attempting to get rid of Brook House. Much of the contents of Lambton Castle are to be sold by auction.

IN the latter instance more than £900,000 was spent in death duties in a few months, and it has crippled the Durham family permanently. The landed classes are, in fact, being taxed out of existence under our very noses and before our very eyes. It is one of the most dramatic and cruel episodes in the whole of England's chequered career, and most people who should know better talk like Socialists and say that it is all for the public good.

THEY forget that England became what she is as a result of the feudal system and that the feudal system is the best possible thing for the countryside. Time and again in the past great landlords used to remit the rent to their tenants if it was a bad year. They were able to see that the tenants got proper attention if they were ill. In fact, they looked after them. To-day there is no one to do that.

THERE is no doubt about it that the politicians have got the country into such a position that there is practically no chance for any great estate to survive financially the deaths of two consecutive heads of the family. It might be possible if there were a couple of very long minorities. But that is the only hope. In fifty years' time who can say with any assurance if a single one of the great houses will still be in private hands?

Lady Willingdon, wife of the Viceroy of India, seen at a meet of the Delhi Foxhounds, of which hunt she is a regular follower. The hunt numbers twenty couple and meets twice a week under the Mastership of Mr. J. H. Hutton, who also hunts the pack

THE MILITARY IN EGYPT

IT would be impossible to chronicle last week's happenings faithfully without a reference to the Midnight Ballet Party. It was a great success. Prince George came out of the Royal Circle frequently, though the Prince of Wales sat right through the performance. The Duke of Marlborough made an appearance. Lady Douro, after a long and ticklish dress rehearsal, sang two songs. The Marquis de Casa Maury had come on from the first night at the Haymarket. Mr. David Rhys, fresh from his duties at the Dorchester, came with Miss Cynthia Guest. Ralph Lynn cracked jokes in the bar. Lady Bridget Poulett sold cigarettes. The ballet itself was beautifully dressed, and everything went like clockwork throughout the entire programme.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the famous author, who is the Lord Rector of Glasgow University, greeting the guests at the Ossianic Society's dinner held at Gilmorehill. Included in the group are Mr. Thomas Murchison, the President, Mrs. R. S. Rait, Principal R. S. Rait, who is seen greeting Mr. Mackenzie, and Dr. L. Buchanan

The Comte and Comtesse Alain de Villeneuve, who are honeymooning in Great Britain, seen in Hyde Park before they left London for Scotland. In an article in a daily newspaper the Comtesse, who was formerly Mme. Naess and is one of the smartest and best dressed women in the world, said that London is not only gay but truly chic with really smart women

FOLLOWING the possible example of the Duke of Connaught, Princess Beatrice is going abroad in search of the winter sun. She has been lent Sir Henry and Lady Grayson's villa at San Remo, where she has often stayed in the past and always with great benefit to her health. Sir Henry and Lady Grayson, on the other hand, have joined the Empress of Britain on her delightful round-the-world cruise.

CHRISTMAS will be spent by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin at Astley Hall, near Stourport. In fact, they propose to be there for most of the parliamentary recess. Sir Herbert and Lady Samuel have chosen Torquay for their holidays, while Lord Craigmyle is going to stay with his daughter at Alloa.

THE busiest Christmas of all will be that of Captain Malcolm Bullock, M.P., who is spending three weeks in Germany. He is going to visit Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, Frankfurt, Munich, and Leipzig, and in each town will deliver a lecture on the Conservative Party. He is also going to meet a number of members of the Anglo-German Association.

THE engagement is now officially announced between Miss Vivien St. George and Mr. Stanley Clarke, who is in the 14th/20th Hussars. Miss St. George's grandfather died a few months ago, leaving a vast fortune. Mr. Stanley Clarke's regiment has gone out to Egypt. It will be amusing to see how many come back unengaged or unmarried. There are usually six or seven romances per regiment. And some very pretty girls are going out there this winter.

FEW scenes are more romantic than the citadel at Cairo by moonlight. Gliding up the Nile, or sitting at the Turf Club and watching people playing polo, or going to the races, or having your fortune told at Luxor, make a young man's fancy turn to thoughts of love, and there is a long list of bachelors in the 14th/20th, headed by the Colonel.

AT a dinner party given the other evening by the indomitable Harry Preston, Lord Westmorland, Lord Queenborough, Major Metcalfe, Kaye Don, Noel

FOUR INTERESTING WEDDINGS

Curtis-Bennett, and R. C. Sheriff were among the guests. Lord Queenborough went on afterwards and sat in a ringside seat at the Albert Hall. It was one of the first fights he had seen for many years. Princess de Chimay was there, too. It was her very first fight, and she was most excited by the prospect of it.

Commander A. R. M. Black, R.N., and Miss Betty Knowles Triggs leaving the Cathedral Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Portsmouth after their wedding. The Guard of Honour was furnished by officers of the bridegroom's ship, H.M.S. Vimy

Mr. Edward Higgs and Miss Enid Joyce Sherring photographed after their recent wedding at East Sheen. The bridegroom played in the Davis Cup ties of 1927 and 1928

S

R. C. SHERRIFF was saying that he is enjoying his life as an undergraduate very much indeed. He is at New College, but lives in digs. in North Oxford, and has been helping to coach the St. John's College crew. He likes the other undergraduates very much indeed, but is rather frightened by the superior airs of some of them.

Vanayk

Mr. Harold Esdale Molson, son of the late Major J. E. Molson, and his bride, Miss Lila Marion Malkin, whose father, Mr. W. H. Malkin, was Mayor of Vancouver in 1929 and 1930, after their wedding at Ferring Parish Church. The best man was Mr. Hugh Molson, M.P., who sits for Doncaster

Mr. Brian Edgar Moody and Miss Ellis Joan Watson, the daughter of Lady Samman and stepdaughter of Sir Henry Samman, who were married at St. Mary's, Cottingham, Yorkshire. The bride first met her husband on a flying field when he taught her to fly, and both she and her husband come from families which are very well known in Yorkshire

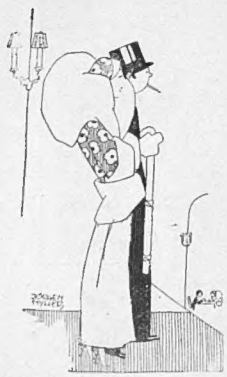
PREPARING FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

He went on to say that he has just won his case against the woman in America who said that he had stolen his idea for *Journey's End* from a play of hers. It dragged on for over three years, and the costs that Mr. Sherriff and Mr. Gilbert Miller will have to pay amount to more than £2,000. Meantime, Mr. Sherriff's new novel, "The Fortnight in September," has sold 15,000 copies already. The best seller, oddly enough, of all Christmas books is "Nature by Night." The author is the famous naturalist, Arthur R. Thompson, and it is selling at the rate of 180 a day, which, for a 12*s.* 6*d.* book, is very good, and throws a new light on what the public wants.

The art schools are busy preparing for the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall to be held on New Year's Eve, and the rivalry between the various bodies in arranging stunts is growing keener every day. Above is seen the "Rocket 'Plane" of the Chelsea School of Art, manned by Miss Joan Addison, being given a preliminary canter before a critical audience

The theme for the Chelsea Arts Ball this year is "Fifty Years Hence" and many flights of sartorial fancy have been indulged in by those who will be present. Above are seen, from left to right, Mrs. T. Yorke, Miss Mew and Miss Olive Sloane photographed in the dresses which they will wear on New Year's Eve

There was any amount of fun last Thursday at the Golf Ball, and the prize list for the "raffle" (one is not allowed to call it a sweepstake) was stupendous. The prizes included sets of clubs presented by the greatest of the professionals, boxes of balls by the best makers, golf bags in pigskin and leather, and so on. One of the most attractive prizes was "One day's dry fly fishing on the Test, on the famous Halford Water, for winner and friend, with the usual hospitality if Mr. Harben is in residence." This was offered by Guy Harben, who is the vice-president of St. Mary's Hospital.



Mr. Harben is a most generous man, who really works hard for the hospital (his father was a former chairman of it), and is a delightful host, whether at his country place at King's Somborne, or in London. He is a great sportsman in more senses of the word than one. He brought two of his dogs up from the country to "retrieve" anything they could for St. Mary's at the Ball, at the special request of the Ball

Epstein's "Genesis" being inspected by visitors to the Trades Exhibition at West Bromwich Town Hall, who were charged a small sum for admission. The sculptor has protested vigorously against his beautiful work being used for what he terms "a side-show in a trade exhibition"

SOME CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS

Committee, most of whom are not only great golfers, but great dog lovers, and who were keen to see these "Golden Springers." They are, I believe, the only real Golden Springers in the country, and bear the very charming names, Lady Lemon and Lemon Pip.

CHRISTMAS arrangements at the various hotels and restaurants involve galas on Thursday and Friday everywhere. At Ciro's they are having a guinea dinner, with a Paris cotillon and an extension until 2 a.m. on both nights. Grosvenor House is having a dinner-dance and cabaret on Christmas night, with a cabaret and Christmas-tree decorations.

THERE will be miniature Christmas trees, too, on the tables of the Savoy Hotel, and there will be galas at Claridge's and the Berkeley. It appears that there is an extremely heavy booking of tables at all these places. Perhaps it is a final fling before the income-tax squeeze on January 1. Or, again, it may be

Lenare

Miss Kathleen Lees, whose marriage to Sir Richard Leighton will take place on Thursday, January 5, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Her fiancé, who is the tenth baronet, has his seat at Loton Park, Shrewsbury, only a little distance from Miss Lee's home, Rowton Castle

Walter Bird

MRS. MADGE GARLAND

Who, starting in our issue of January 6, will write every week on women's fashions and women's special interests, Mrs Garland is a well-known authority on women's dress and has for some time travelled between France, Germany and England, all the time studying and writing about clothes and interior decoration

ABOUT OURSELVES IN 1932

WE all hope that 1932, being Leap Year, will leap from the Slough of Despond of 1931 and land on firm rich soil. THE BYSTANDER'S New Year Resolution is to make itself more in demand than ever as the Brightest, Gayest, most Audacious Weekly, and at the same time to be of service to the discriminating readers who support it.

* * *

NEXT year THE BYSTANDER intends to make itself invaluable to the smart woman, by becoming the leading weekly journal for women of fashion. We feel sure, therefore, that our readers will welcome Mrs. Madge Garland, who becomes the Editor of our Women's Section, and who will write on and pictorially depict the very latest thing in clothing, hats, beauty treatments, the home, and all other such matters, the space devoted to such subjects being greatly extended. Mrs. Garland, who is as much at home in Paris as in London, is writing exclusively for THE BYSTANDER among the weekly journals. So please place a regular order for THE BYSTANDER with your newsagent.—THE EDITOR.

AN EVENING AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton and Miss Lindlay at the Café de Paris, where the showing of films, taken some days earlier in the restaurant, has been proving most popular

More diners at the Café de Paris, which is one of the most popular restaurants in Town at the present time. Seen above are Mr. Antony and Lady Veronica Hornby, who were married last Thursday

Photographs Sasha

Above: Also caught by the camera at the Café de Paris. Mr. Eric Hatry and Mr. and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger watching the film shown in the restaurant

that people are spending in London the money they would otherwise be spending at St. Moritz and elsewhere.

S

YULE and the New Year will also be celebrated in a truly cheery spirit at the Piccadilly Hotel, where a Christmas Day gala dinner and ball, at 30s. a head, will be held in the Restaurant. A grand cotillon and entertainment, including Giovanni, the "King of Pickpockets," and presents for all the ladies present, will be outstanding features of the evening. The following day a special dinner or supper, at a guinea a head, will take place in the Restaurant, and a great New Year's Eve gala, with a special cabaret and attractive gifts for the ladies, will be held in both the Restaurant and Grill Room. The price charged per head in the former is 45s., and in the latter 40s.

Elwyn Neame

Left: Miss Betty Manners, whose marriage to Capt. John Lascelles, Coldstream Guards, a kinsman of the Earl of Harewood, will take place next month. She is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Robert Manners and of Lady Robert Manners

Right: Miss Nancy Pritchard, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mostyn Pritchard, of Lennox Gardens, S.W. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Roger Peake, Royal Dragoons, the only son of the late Brigadier-General Malcolm Peake, C.M.G., R.A., and of Mrs. Peake

Douglas

MORE HORSES TO FOLLOW OVER THE STICKS

THE kiddies have not been forgotten at the Piccadilly, and Children's Cabaret and Tea Dances take place, from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock, every day this week, from Monday to Thursday inclusive, at a charge of 5s. About twenty children are taking part in these cabarets, and the turns include ballet dancers, acrobatic dancers, singers, and comediennes. The ages of the performers range from twelve years to four years, and a feature of these shows is the work of a tiny mite of about four who, dressed as a policeman, scores a big success as a tap dancer, and is a really funny little person into the bargain.

Sasha

A party which met at the Café de Paris, including Mr. Francis Francis and his wife, who was well known on the musical-comedy stage as Miss Sunny Jarman, Miss Nina Devitt, Mrs. Jarman, Mr. Ross Thompson and Mr. Mohoney

Sasha

Fun on the dance floor at the Café de Paris. Capt. "Babe" Barnato, the famous racing motorist, who has also played cricket for Surrey, borrows a hat from the band and thus adds more than a little to the general gaiety

Vyvyan Poole

The Countess of Ossory making friends with the hounds at a recent meet of the Kilkenny Hunt. The Hunt Ball of the Kilkenny will take place in the famous picture gallery of the Earl of Ossory's seat, Kilkenny Castle, on Tuesday December 29

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney."*

There have been some lively operations in the ring this N.H. season. At Sandown there was good money for four to six horses in a particular race.

In cases where this happens I will select one horse for our system of following up animals that have been backed and have lost. I will continue to name half a dozen weekly.

BUCK was one of several hurdlers confidently supported at Sandown Park. Was prominent most of the journey and will improve.

WHITE WINTER, supported at 8 to 1 and 10 to 1, ran very gamely and will win a two miles hurdle. Looked in the pink of condition.

BLUE VINNY was beaten by the terrific pace set by Feng at Hurst Park. Was backed with great confidence. A certain money spinner!

NAUTICAL SWELL should win a two miles chase. Was second at Hurst Park, but was travelling well. One to watch for early engagements.

TOOTENHILL was the medium for heavy wagering at Newbury. Jumps well and will score over a less severe course.

GREEN EAGLE appeared a certain winner two jumps from home at Hurst Park, but was beaten by the faster finishing Southern Gun. Was supported with confidence.

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

A series of tableaux of pictures by famous artists was presented by children at a matinée given at the Phœnix Theatre, in the presence of the Queen, on December 17 in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies. Above are seen Lady Joan Peake's daughter Iris (left) and Lady Gwendoline Churchill's daughter Clarisa in a tableau of Cosway's picture of George Spencer, Earl of Sunderland and Lord Charles Spencer

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three. . . . Hello . . . hello. Baa. . . . Oh, dear, this last-minute shopping! Of course I've forgotten hundreds of people and had to readdress several of my own presents. . . .

* * *

I'VE just seen the Dufferins off to Co. Down, where they are going to spend a quiet Christmas. . . . Maureen was looking so pretty . . . her fair hair and lovely complexion would brighten the dullest day. . . . The Cunningham-Reids are spending the festival at Six Mile Bottom with their small boys . . . and the Brecknocks will also be *en famille*. . . . How charming Lady Brecknock is looking these days! Her hair is a mass of twining curls. . . . Lord Brecknock has got much stouter than he was . . . but is still one of our best-looking young married men. . . .

* * *

MARGARET WHIGHAM had many fond farewells to say before she sailed for Egypt. . . . What a success she has been this last year! . . . Her departure shows that the Little Season is quite finished. . . . She and her great friend, Bridget Poulett, have completely captured the imagination of the Press and supplanted the "Bright Young People." . . . Thank goodness! . . . Lady Bridget Poulett has a very sweet nature, besides her great beauty. . . . I have never heard anyone say unkind things about her, which says a great deal for her popularity. . . .

* * *

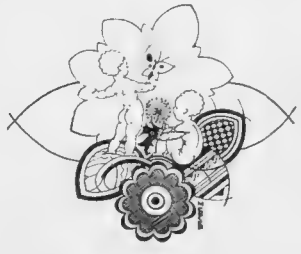
THERE is one beautiful creature we all know, Baa . . . who has bullied her family for years . . . and whose sister prays continuously that she will marry . . . soon. . . .

* * *

I SAW the Beaton sisters, so bright and gay . . . laughing and enjoying life. . . . Why can't everyone try to look happy? . . . Lady Furness never seems to laugh, nor does Gloria Vanderbilt . . . her twin sister. . . . Lady Plunket, on the contrary, has a sweet and charming smile for everyone. . . . Lady Milford Haven seems a little critical . . . and Lady Cambridge is as serious as she looks. . . .

* * *

YOU and I so often talk of beautiful people, Baa . . . but who do you think is the most attractive person we know . I mean in appearance? . . . Mrs. Kellett has the most fascinating retroussé nose and puckish little face. . . . Poppy Thursby's enchanting gipsy charms need no description . . . nor does Rose Bingham's Peter Pan wistfulness. . . . Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge is exotically unusual . . . it is difficult to choose. . . .



* * *

HAVE you heard about a rather impulsive young man of our acquaintance who followed a very seductive young lady . . a long way . . . only to find . . . well, not what he expected? . . .

SO Lady Veronica Blackwood has changed her name to Hornby. . . . I loved the bracelets which were the bridegroom's presents . . . the one of moonstones and diamonds was the new shape. . . . She is lucky to have so much jewellery. . . . After-the War brides suffered from a surfeit of glass . . . and even in the last year or two sensible presents seem to have eclipsed the more decorative and far more expensive ones. . . .

* * *

I SAW Lady Mary Lygon looking too lovely, as usual. . . . She tells me that she and her sisters will all be at Madresfield for Christmas . . . so they should have a gay time . . . as they are a large family apart from any friends they may have invited. . . . Quite the most lovely thing at Madresfield is the crystal and ebony staircase . . . although the moat, the State apartments, and the private chapel . . . are really very interesting, too. . . .

* * *

LADY MARY'S cousin, Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, is looking very attractive these days . . . her fair hair brushed smoothly across her forehead . . . . None of the Ashley-Cooper girls seems to care for waved hair . . . but we have quite given up speculating on the announcement of her engagement, haven't we, Baa? . . . It's been a case of "Wolf-wolf" . . . so often. . . .

* * *

HER sister, Lady Alington, is often with Lady Castlerosse . . providing a delightful blonde and brunette contrast. . . . Lady Alington's little daughter Mary is aged two . . and is growing very attractive.

* * *

THIS Little Season has been the quietest ever known, Baa . . . a few cocktail parties . . . and large dinners . . . but no dances . . . every one very depressed financially. . . Oh, well, here's hoping for a gay spring. . . .

* * *

THE belle of these last few months has been . . . of course . . . Mrs. Rex Colclough . . . among the young marrieds . . . Rose Bingham among the débutantes and ex-débutantes . . and Pat Richards among the "engageds." . .

* * *

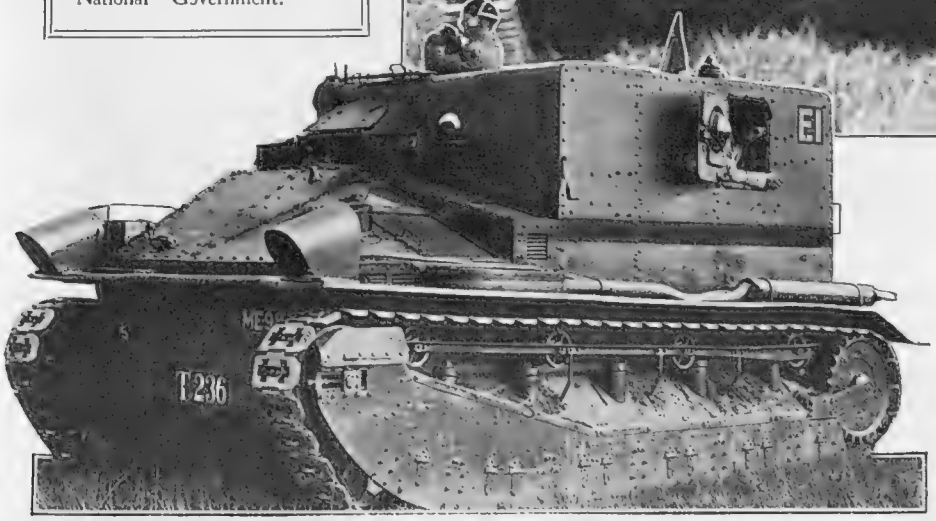
DARLING, I must go . . . I have an appointment with the dentist . . . too depressing. . . . I am giving his THIS year's "Punch" as a Christmas present! . . .

THE ROYAL TANK CORPS TO BE SCRAPPED?

Above is Field-Marshal Sir George Milne discussing the scheme of operations during the Tank manœuvres this year with Brigadier Broad, R.T.C. (wearing overalls) in command. The British Tank Corps has been regarded as the best in the world, and is now to be disbanded

THE success of the Tanks in the Great War was undoubted Without their aid the Hindenburg line could never have been broken, and the success attending the temporarily formed 1st Brigade Royal Tank Corps at this year's Army exercises was so obvious that it was expected that the new formation would become permanent.

This intention has now, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, been abandoned—or, at least, postponed. A mechanised army is the army of the future, and the *Daily Telegraph* describes this abandonment as a "sacrifice to Geneva." No wonder that such a sacrifice is also described as "disturbing" and hardly in key with the duty of a "National" Government.



Nearly two hundred tanks and armoured fighting vehicles assembled on Salisbury Plain. Above they are seen marching past during the parade and inspection for the first time as a Tank Brigade before Field-Marshal Sir George Milne, of the Imperial General Staff

Brigadier C. N. F. Broad, commanding the Tank Brigade, directing operations by wireless from "H.Q." at the Royal Tank Corps manœuvres near Shrewton, on Salisbury Plain

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

By Vernon Woodhouse

THIS is the time of year when children returning for their holidays from school expect their parents to do them proud in the way of entertainments and will be exceedingly disappointed if father suggests that times are so bad that they will have to cut it out this year or be fobbed off with a one and threepenny seat at a local cinema.

IN years gone by for a child not to be taken to the Drury Lane pantomime was the bitterest disappointment of all; but since Drury Lane has now gone all "Cavalcadish" there is no particular outstanding production which shrieks aloud for patronage. Pantomime is not so popular as it used to be in London, but good samples can always be seen at some of the outlying theatres; while in the West End the Lyceum provides the usual staple dish, with Naughton and Gold to back-chat and chat-back, and George Jackley to bark at the bairns. There will be no difficulty whatever in hearing what George says; of that I am certain.

BUT the soul of the modern child nowadays sometimes soars beyond pantomime, which is wrongly regarded as vulgar without being funny. For such a one London at Christmas time amply provides. Hardy annuals such as *Peter Pan*—which some children dislike, however—at the Palladium, *Where the Rainbow Ends* at the Holborn Empire, and *The Windmill Man* at the Victoria Palace make their appearance regularly, so regularly, indeed, that they must possess general appeal, while A. A. Milne's *Toad of Toad Hall* at the Savoy looks as if it will be added to the list of hardy annuals. All these are played at matinées only.

THE more elderly child, and the younger ones with bloodthirsty instincts, would, perhaps, prefer something meatier. For them may be recommended a dose of Wallace at Wyndham's, where *The Case of the Frightened Lady* still runs. Far more bloodthirsty is *The Crimes of Burke and Hare* at the New, whereas, if one wants to use these worthies as a horrid example for the young, these same ruffians figure, in a more restrained fashion, in *The Anatomist* at the Westminster. Mind you, I do not say that children should be taken to these plays, but I am sure many would enjoy them!

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

The leading lady at the Haymarket Theatre, where she is appearing in "Can the Leopard . . . ?" the amusing newcomer by Ronald Jeans

I FEEL inclined to shed a tear at the thought that *Charley's Aunt* will not this year for once be seen at a West End theatre, but there are one or two farces running which are as funny as any pantomime. *Turkey Time*, at the Aldwych, for instance, ought to appeal at Christmas, and, still more, *The Midshipmaid* at the Shaftesbury, which I am sure will deservedly draw big houses of small folk. This is a show which will also appeal hugely to the more elderly, as would *The Good Companions* at His Majesty's, even though it is not a farce.

THE nearest approach to pantomime is musical comedy, even though there is no principal boy who looks as if she had been poured into her tights. The spectacular *White Horse Inn* still remains open for us at the Coliseum, and *Waltzes From Vienna* are still played at the Alhambra. New ones are *Hold My Hand* at the Gaiety, and *Bow Bells* at the Hippodrome, which, with crass stupidity, have selected the same date for the opening night, while Gracie Fields is now happily installed at the Winter Garden in *Walk This Way*.

THIS list will, I think, give parents sufficient pointers to indicate where pleasure can be found; but let me beg that, when they *do* take their children to the theatre, and if the children *must* munch chocolates, to provide those unwrapped in order that the pleasure of others may not be dissipated by the horrid noise of rustling paper!

SEASONABLE SHOWS.

FOR GROWN-UPS AND OTHERS.

FARCE. SHAFTESBURY—"THE MIDSHIPMAID." Volleys of laughs on a battleship.

COMEDY. HIS MAJESTY'S.—"THE GOOD COMPANIONS." British beef and beer and busking.

THRILLS. WYNDHAM'S—"THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY." Also a frightened audience.

FOR KIDDIES AND ELDERS.

PANTOMIME. LYCEUM.—"CINDERELLA." Old-fashioned fare.

REVUE. HIPPODROME. "BOW BELLS." Peel merrily.

" WINTER GARDEN.—"WALK THIS WAY." Gracie Fields in pastures new.

URSULA JEANS

Eric Grey

Photographed with her Borzoi, which, unlike his owner, is not appearing every night in "Grand Hotel," the long-running success at the Adelphi Theatre. Miss Jeans has never appeared to greater advantage than in the part of Flaemmchen, the shorthand typist, who, as all acquainted with "Grand Hotel" may remember, did not spend the whole of her life in tapping at a typewriter

PUB CRAWLING

By The Hon. Patrick Balfour

(*N.B.—None of the characters in this narrative is in any way fictitious.*)

IN London you stand about after dinner and say, "Where shall we go?"

In Devon we stand about after dinner and say, "Where shall we go?"

In London you can choose between Quaglino's and the Embassy and the Café de Paris and the Savoy and the Malmaison—I forget what they're all called nowadays—according as to whether you want good company or good cabaret—or both.

In Devon we can likewise choose between Bovey Green, a spotless pub run by an old lady of ninety, and her forbears for centuries before her; or the Three Queens, which has that rather rude skittles board; or Kingsteignton, where there's clog-dancing; or Sandybank, where there used to be no end of goings-on when that Mr. Jones ran it until——

We might as well look in at Rottersleigh, though. It's sure to be amusing.

The last time I looked in at Rottersleigh we had a sweepstake in the bar on my exact height. Most of them got pretty close; but the only sober man in the room, who was the barman, guessed seven foot . . .

Mark Jorum will probably be there.

"Among those I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Jorum, who were celebrating the christening of their sixteenth child in a pint of old-and-mild. Mr. Jorum, who is in the timber-hauling trade, etc."

Sixteen? Yes, really. Whom can you produce in Mayfair to equal that sort of virility? And Mrs. Joram's as pleased as Punch about the situation, too—as merry as that problematical animal the grig.

"We're so quiet just now," she says. "Seem's quite lonely-like with only eight of the kids at home."

"You should just hear the din when they're all there," says Mark. "It's like a public-house, it is . . ."

Last summer a Press photographer came down to take a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Jorum and their offspring and their offspring's offspring.

He took such a long time posing them all that Mark shouted, "You'd better look sharp, son, or the missus'l be having another."

The poacher's there to-night, too.

The poacher is a youth of nineteen, with burnished golden hair and a pale blue high-necked jumper. The whole pub hangs on his every word. There is nothing this poacher has not done, will not do. He keeps saying so.

And the girls of the neighbourhood know it all right . . .

BUT the star pub is the Oxenford Arms at North Fumble.

The Oxenford Arms is run by three musketeers. The chief of them is called Brigadier-General de Montfort. He is descended from Simon de Montfort, and has exquisite manners.

The second is called Major Warbeck (like Perkin Warbeck). It is he who pours out what he quaintly calls the "beer-wine." He used to be on the Stock Exchange.

The third is called Captain Newton (like Isaak Newton). He grows ducks, and then he cooks them. If I told you how succulent they were you wouldn't believe it. The three musketeers live on Captain Newton's ducks.

BUT they don't get much to eat often, because they are kept so busy serving Devonshire teas to other people. As far as I can make out, people start eating teas in Devonshire at eleven in the morning and go on even past the time when they open in the evening.

Miss Orange is certain to be at North Fumble.

Miss Orange is a lady of literary inclinations. When you've *quite* finished talking to Miss Orange about "Vile Bodies" we will get the General to show us round the house, which dates from the Norman Conquest. (It does, really.)

This showing people round the house is a grand vaudeville turn of the General's. He has it all pat—historical information, reminiscence, wisecracks, and all. But you aren't allowed to interrupt him or he may forget his words, and that means going right back to the beginning again.

He is a great dear, the General. He trips wittily from Tenniel to Ming, from Gainsborough to Wedgwood, from Persian lustre to the Empress Eugénie's workbox; and you end up in a huge room with nothing in it at all but the tops of 12,000 matchboxes. They are all different.

Then you go down again and Major Warbeck gives you some more beer-wine, and if you are very sly you can wrench the leg from one of Captain Newton's ducks in the kitchen.

The Oxenford Arms is the most diverting place. More diverting, don't you think, than Quaglino's? Or don't you?

"What's the use of this signpost with all the names washed off?"

"Well, zur, that be one of the oldest zignposts in these parts and us doan't go fur tew meddle wi' relics, us doan't. T'would be martal wrong, zurely!"

By STARR WOOD

ENTERPRISE IN SOHO!

if Gossip

By Chicot

"What's the matter with Gloria?"
"She only got eleven bouquets last night"
"Good Heavens! She ought to be satisfied"
"She isn't! She paid for twelve"

AT a time of Peace and Good Will—these qualities become at this period of the year a secret vice of the super-sophisticated—it is the most comfortable plan to let oneself go the whole hog on the subject of Christmas and to put as brave a face as may be on the large helpings of Christmas pudding which will be doled out to one this week, and on the still larger helpings of Income Tax which one will have to dole out next month. Not long ago I read with a thrill of horror an announcement by a woman writer of the chattier type that "babies are fashionable again." Not, let me add, that I was horrified by the babies, but by their fashionableness, by the idea that mother-love, to say nothing of the accompanying obstetrics, is something on a par with shingling and bingling and Robin Hood hats and green beer, to be adopted or dropped as a whim dictates.

WELL, this year Christmas is fashionable. People are reading Dickens again (if, indeed, they have ever ceased to read him). It is true that no English version of a Dickens novel is being performed on the London stage at present. But the other night I saw "The Cricket on the Hearth" in Russian, given by the Moscow Arts Theatre company at the Kingsway—very quaint stuff. Hardly necessary is the explanation that this company is non-Bolshevist, and broke away from Moscow to Prague when the revolution came. Soviet Russia, having just blown up a cathedral, has precious little use for Christmas, though the Russian Christmas of the old days was something worth celebrating.

AFTER the turkeys and the mince-pies, the pantomimes and the children's parties, to Hades with the churlish noodles who cannot realise that one of the loveliest sounds in the world is the laughter of children! Who does not find irresistible that happy chuckle of merriment that goes with "Blind Man's Buff," or that great burst of shrill laughter that arises when the comic brokers' men tumble about in the kitchen scene of "Cinderella"? Besides, children are conservative little souls, and, although I have no doubt that they liked well enough aping their elders at that

Father and daughter in the same show are something of a rarity, but Robert Hale and Binnie Hale for the first time in their lives will appear together in "Bow Bells," the new revue at the Hippodrome to-night, Wednesday

we must

(temperance) cocktail party Lady Londonderry gave, what they really rejoice in is a good romp. Let's hope they will have plenty of romps during these holidays. They will grow up all too quickly, to find all sorts of un-romp-like matters awaiting them.

WITH children, moreover, Christmas joy is unconfined. They do not get "that sinking feeling," the remedy for which has its points, and "Dora," or her successor, possesses no irksomeness for them. But "Dora" works just the same at Christmas-time at her old job of making lots of people feel undignified and uncomfortable. One effect is that in this respect law-breaking has lost its terrors—and, as a law-abiding citizen, this I deplore. It is an attitude which, though quite understandable, does a deuce of a lot of harm in America, where judges and all sorts of prominent citizens have their bootleggers, and make no bones about it.

HERE is an example of what I mean. A well-known dance club—night club suggests a low and sordid haunt, and this was nothing of the kind—had been raided, and sundry names and addresses were taken. Two nights later I happened to visit it at 1 a.m. and found it full of people whose names you would know—eminent in various walks of life and, if you would like me to put it snobbishly, of unquestionable social position. Alcoholic drinks were being served and consumed quite openly. No one was drunk or anywhere near being drunk. But all were declaring that if the police arrived they would not in the least mind and would not look upon it as a disgrace to have their names taken and even to appear in a police court. Indeed, they were ready, not to make martyrs of themselves, but to let it be known publicly that they considered the law absurd. When decent people take up

Max, one of the three clever performing chimpanzees shown by Castang and Judge, who appeared for the first time yesterday (Tuesday), at Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia. Max's companions are called Moritz and Akka, and we hope we have given the chimpanzee his right name and not mixed him up with his two distinguished confrères!

Other performers at Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia Two of the fifteen of Hagenbeck's tigers who play leap-frog to the manner born

Margaret Vines, who is playing the part of Blacky, which allows her to impersonate both a mother and her own daughter, in the revival of "The Faithful Heart," Monckton Hoffe's comedy at the Comedy Theatre

the dishes served at the dinner were entirely made from authentic old English Folk Cookery recipes. "We ourselves believe," Mr. St. John Wright, the secretary, informed me, "that these dishes are a direct challenge to those critics of English cooking who say that there is no variety in it." We had Coventry Pigeon Pie (there is a Coventry Carol, so here was a Christmas touch), Syllabub, pea-soup, and Stilton, and we drank ale in mugs—plain mugs, as plain as those of most of the guests.

THIS English cookery seems a seasonable subject. I wish a position like that it is time to make some alteration in restrictions that have been manifestly absurd from the beginning.

WHEN I read the word "folk" in connection with song, dance, lore, and food, I conjure up artiness and craftiness, "literary" villages in Buckinghamshire, homespun clothes, high-brow books with higher-browed bindings, silly oddities who play at Communism, and other subjects which my soul abhors. There was, however, none of this at a dinner I attended at Simpson's, organised by the English Folk Cookery Association. This association concerns itself not with cooking folk, but with what folk cook. It strives to go back to the dishes of the eighteenth century, and, except that a covey of gossip-writers hardly added to the illusion, the effort was successful enough. Sir John Lavery, with his side-whiskers, looked Regency rather than Georgian, but the E.F.C.A. the best possible success, if only for their efforts to induce the country hotels to adopt sensible English cooking instead of a poor attempt at the French style. Few things are more pathetic and silly than the way little hotels in little county towns have of giving their tinned soup, their washy slab of halibut, and their tough chicken elaborate French names, usually with a wrong spelling. There is nothing so fine as French cooking at its best. But you do not find it in the English provinces, where the cooking is neither French nor English, and is, for the most part, consistent only in that it is consistently bad.

SOME ass, much-quoted, said years ago that the English have dozens of religions and only

one sauce. I would reverse that and say that we have few, and increasingly fewer, religions and a mass of sauces, nearly all of them good if they are made properly. There is a suspicious sameness about the innumerable French sauces—thick, creamy, cloying things. But how would anyone have complained of the monotony of the English "saucery" when we have such distinctive delights as mint sauce, apple sauce, onion sauce, caper sauce, horse-radish sauce, and brandy sauce—for a start?

S

THE familiar wail has just cropped up again about the iniquity of State support for grand opera,

A scene from "Britannia of Billingsgate" which, starting at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, was transferred to the St. Martin's Theatre, and has now gone to the Duke of York's Theatre. The picture shows Mary Jerrold as Mrs. Bolton, a charlady, who made a success on the films, reproving her flighty daughter, Pansy, Gabrielle Casartelli, for laying on the eyelash brush

Dodo Jay, who has been engaged by C. B. Cochran to appear in the operetta "Helen," in which Evelyn Laye takes the principal part. Dodo Jay was in "Bitter Sweet," since when she has been occupied in filming

By Byrde

"And are you to let with the flat?"
"No, Sir, I am to be let alone!"

"which has no popular appeal and is only patronised by a small section of the wealthy and fashionable, who regard it as they regard Ascot or Goodwood." As to the opera subsidy, we are on debatable ground. But it is wildly untrue to talk of opera being the plaything only of the "idle rich." The exact reverse is the case. During the last two seasons at Covent Garden the rich, idle, and otherwise, were conspicuously absent. It was the poor, or comparatively poor, who gave their support; the cheap seats were consistently well filled, but the expensive seats half empty. The Old Vic does very well with its opera at cheap prices, where Miss Maggie Teyte gave a successful performance as Madame Butterfly a little while ago.

S

NO, it is orchestral and chamber music, not opera, to which notabilities seem to be flocking just now. The last Beecham symphony concert was attended by Lord Londonderry, several High Court judges, four well-known actresses, and a Sitwell or two. Lord Hinchingbrooke attends nearly every concert of note, and is having his voice

Christmas Greetings

MR. NOEL COWARD

Good luck with all your future plays,
And may your latest one be played
At Drury Lane for many days—
In fact, for a Cavaldecade.

MISS ROSITA FORBES

Though you're far, far away
And exploring to-day
In the sunny sub-tropical climes,
Now that Yuletide is here
Let us wish you good cheer
And some most Ecuadorable times.

MR. D. LLOYD GEORGE

Though very seldom we agree
With all your views, my dear Ll. G.,
We hope that when again we see
You back in England you will be
Feeling right to a (Ceylon) T.

MR GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

He does not eat
Meat
Nor drink fine Rhine
Wine.
Christmas MUST bore
Shaw!

B. W.

THE CAPITAL OF "LET'S PRETEND"!

A scene showing how Hollywood has decorated its streets with paper trees of futuristic design in order to help that Christmas spirit, which is the only spirit the inhabitants are allowed by law

TOPICAL SONGS AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

Kenneth and George Western, whose forte is topicality. The music of their songs may not be over melodious, nevertheless they strike the right notes in their allusions to people and things which cause much laughter. One of their best songs, with orchestral accompaniment, is "The Drum Major"

trained. Lord Moore is also a regular concert-goer, and is secretary of the newly formed Quartet Society. To what extent the concerts of the Æolus Society, held at Wimborne House and elsewhere, are social rather than musical I would not care to hazard, though the social side is certainly uppermost. I see that great efforts by the organisers of these concerts are being made to prevent them being overcrowded "by people who come to enjoy the social side rather than the music." But I can picture the organisers' horror if a flood of enthusiastically musical people, with no claims to social distinction, turned up. That would indeed be a tragedy in Mayfair.

IF card players who have discarded Auction Bridge for Contract believe that they can now settle down to that game for the rest of their lives I fear they will be bitterly disappointed. Sooner or later another form of the game will be invented in America, but the exact time will depend upon when the Bridge journalists there find themselves unable to write anything more about Contract! These writers on the game make very big incomes which they naturally do not wish to see cease, and this will not be the case while they provide fresh copy. An English expert of my acquaintance told me he had invented a new and better version of the game, but there was no chance of its being adopted in England unless first sponsored by America! Why that country should thus dictate to the card players of this country goodness only knows.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN "THE MIKADO"

A group showing the chorus in the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society's recent production of "The Mikado" at the Scala Theatre. The membership of this society is limited to men, but ladies are invited to take part in the productions

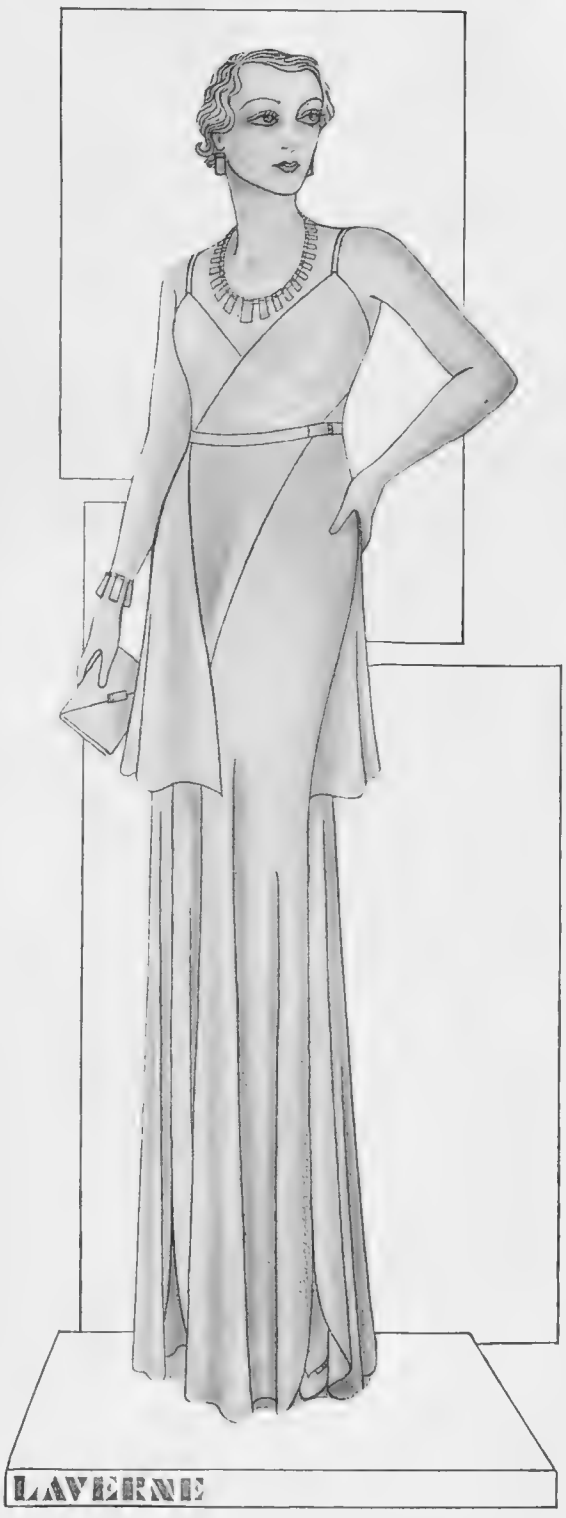
Mr. Rex Joseph as Poo Bah (left), and Mr. Edward Shakespeare as Nanki Poo, in a scene from "The Mikado," as presented at the Scala Theatre. This is the first time that the society has ever presented Gilbert and Sullivan

Miss Doris Lambert as Yum-Yum, and Mr. Edward Shakespeare as Nanki Poo, enliven the town of Titipu—and the Scala Theatre—with a duet

JANE GORDON
WRITES ON
THE FASHIONS OF THE WEEK

FOR pure unadulterated deceit give me a good Hollywood cameraman. He has made such an art of deception that he can actually perform miracles with the human form. We know that our favourite film stars do not look on the screen exactly as Nature made them, but we never know just how different they are until they come to England and we see them in the flesh. A party was given a few nights ago for Janet Gaynor, and if anyone had asked a stranger to guess which was the lovely film star he would certainly have pointed out either Mrs. James Beck or Mrs. Richard Norton. He would have mistaken Janet Gaynor for a sweet little thing up from the country. Mrs. Beck was exquisite with her hair arranged in about fifteen little sausage curls, each one not more than an inch long, right across the back of her head. She wore a long, sheath-like sapphire blue velvet dress with a square-cut décolletage and tiny puffed sleeves. Mrs. Richard Norton's dress was of white crinkly crêpe cut with a deep V décolletage at the back. She wore a red velvet ribbon sash about three inches deep tied in a bow at the back, with streamers that reached right to the ground. Janet Gaynor was dressed in a white chiffon frock with small frills falling from the waist down the back of the skirt and a little silver lace on the bodice. Over this she wore a white ermine jacket. She also wore white kid gloves.

MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU has been spending the last two weeks doing a round of the London shops during the daytime while her husband has been working at the studios. Like all American women, the first thing that she wished to buy was Scotch tweeds. I cannot imagine why some canny Scottish merchant has never thought of taking the tip from those Armenian carpet gentlemen and tried parading outside London's smartest hotels in his national costume with patterns of tweeds over his arm. Quite seriously, though, if any Scottish mills took a shop window in one of the big hotels, like the Savoy, the Dorchester, or even at the Embassy during the season, and filled it with patterns of their latest tweeds, they would get countless orders from American women.



THE EVENING DRESS

Mrs. St. John Hutchinson wears this white dress. It shows an interesting version of the basque. The earrings, bracelet, belt, bag and shoe motif are designed to match the necklace

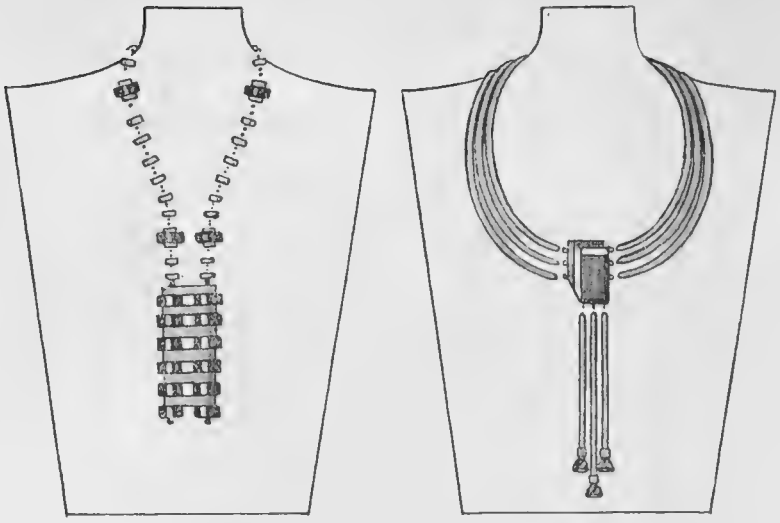
LONDON must be a very pleasant place for any American woman just now who has time on her hands and notes in her purse. If she happens to be a good housewife she will most certainly indulge in an orgy of spending at a Bond Street shop that has the most perfect house linen in the world. They are showing just now the most beautifully embroidered pale pink silk crêpe de Chine sheets edged with very wide écru lace. These sheets have pillow-cases and cases for little pillows to match them. In the same window there is a lovely pink crushed-velvet bedspread stitched diagonally to form an enormous lozenge-shaped pattern. All house linen, from sheets to table sets, has become very much more elaborate just lately.

IT looks as if the rate of exchange is already affecting us. At cocktail hour London restaurants are filled with smart, unfamiliar faces, and they hum with Transatlantic and Continental accents. Ninety-nine per cent. of these women wear black for luncheon, and it will be amusing to see whether we follow their example or stick to our own bright colours. The prettiest American girl I have seen for ages was having cocktails at the Ritz with eight men a day or two ago. She was very blonde, and incredibly smart in a long black cloth coat which had a high-waisted bolero effect formed by a band of astrakhan, deep astrakhan cuffs, and a black cloth hat with rather a wide, turned-up brim edged with a band of astrakhan. Over in the other corner of the room two more American girls were having cocktails with each other, both of them wearing long black coats trimmed with black fur, and black hats. In yet another part of the room Mrs. Armstrong Jones was wearing a black suit with a pale grey fox collar. Lady Carnarvon wore a long red coat trimmed with black caracul, which was extremely effective against all this sable background.

DURING the last week the majority of smart women have been wearing white in the evening. Miss Frances Day was out dancing a few evenings ago

THE DAY DRESS

This is one of the dresses Gertrude Lawrence wears in "Can the Leopard . . . ?" It is made of brown wool crêpe with a white crêpe de Chine scarf and a white kid belt



THE NECKLACES

A—Onyx and silver are used for this necklace B—Steel snake chain with onyx motifs

in a white chiffon dress with frills down the back and front of the skirt. She wore with this dress a lovely flat round jewelled plaque on a long jewelled chain. Both chain and plaque consisted of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds. Mrs. St. John Hutchinson has also been wearing a white evening gown made of angel skin, the skirt of which is cut up in deep scallops. This peau d'ange has suddenly become very fashionable for both evening dresses and evening coats, and there is a new broché peau d'ange that can be bought in any of the big stores in pale colours that is even lovelier than the plain variety.

S

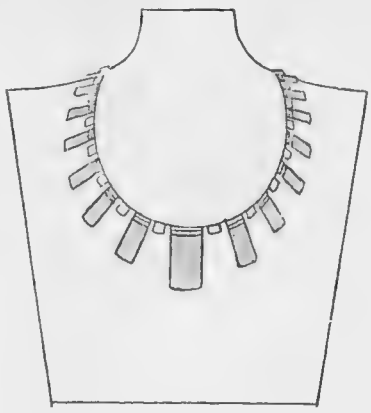
It was not so long ago that we wore our underclothes tailored almost as severely as our day clothes, and a feminine nightgown was considered almost démodé. The pendulum has swung back again, and now almost all Hermione's lingerie is delicately embroidered and trimmed with the finest lace. I have sampled lingerie in London, Paris, and New York, but I have never in my life seen such beautiful undies as these. I asked the saleswoman if they found difficulty in keeping French workgirls in London, and she told me that every scrap of the work was done in their own workroom by English workgirls. On seeing my rather incredulous smile she took me by the arm and led me up to the workroom, where thirty-five little English workgirls were all busily stitching duplicates of the exquisite nightgowns, chemises, and panties that I had been seeing downstairs. They are using a new kind of chiffon beauté for nightgowns and undies that is a little thicker than ordinary chiffon, and washes like a rag; and also a special kind of printed crêpe de Chine that makes up extremely well into children's dresses as well as nightgowns.

S

Although the English film business has become one of the most important industries in the country, we have not got one single film star who is smart enough to be a leader of fashion. None of them can wear their clothes like Gertrude Lawrence, Isabel Jeans or Gladys Cooper. Gertrude Lawrence undoubtedly wears her clothes better than any other actress, and she has some very pretty clothes for her new show, "Can the Leopard . . . ?" One of her dresses is a brown crêpe wool with a white crêpe de Chine scarf, white kid belt, and steel buckle.

S

The life of any serious-minded member of a charity committee is filled with bickerings and unkept engagements. The bickerings are provided by other serious members, while engagements are broken by actresses and débutantes. Miss Kathleen Horlick was one of the three débutantes who were all explaining to a harassed committeeman a day or two ago that they could not rehearse the following day because they had to hunt, and they were so busy admiring Miss Horlick's square-crowned velvet hat that they never heard the poor man's reproaches.



C—The plaques are made alternatively of gold and silver; the gold pieces are topped with silver, and the silver with gold

THREE GERMAN FILM BEAUTIES

MARLENE DIETRICH

The "super vamp" of the screen, whose red hair and sapphire-blue eyes are so distinctive, is coming to London early in January to make her first appearance on the English stage, when she may be seen in variety at the Palladium. Her next talkie will be "Shanghai Express," and will be seen at the Carlton

RENATE MULLER

An attractive young Bavarian who is well known on the musical-comedy stage in Germany. She is one of the stars of "Sunshine Susie," the Gainsborough musical play talkie, which includes Owen Nares, Jack Hulbert, and Morris Harvey in the cast and was recently presented at the Capitol

BRIGITTE HELM

(Right.) One of the most popular film stars of the present day. She visited Elstree specially to make the English and French versions of "Rhapsody," a picture made by Mr. Herbert Wilcox, who wrote the story in conjunction with Miss Doris Zinkeisen, the latter being also the designer of the dresses for this British talkie

STARS GLITTERING IN PANTOMIM

MAI BACON

Who will play in "The Babes in the Wood" at the Wimbledon Theatre. Ever since its opening, this theatre has always been true to pantomime at Christmas time

DOROTHY WARD

(Below.) The most famous of Principal Boys of to-day. This year she is playing in Julian Wylie's pantomime "Queen of Hearts," at Leeds

CONSTANCE CARPENTER

(Above.) The Principal Girl in this year's Lyceum pantomime, "Cinderella." The Lyceum always provides a Christmas pantomime of the old-fashioned robustious type which appeals to children of all ages

LILIAN DAVIES

(Left.) The Principal Boy in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at Manchester this year. Two years ago she was the Principal Boy in the last Drury Lane pantomime, "The Sleeping Beauty"

ME—SOME PRINCIPALS THIS YEAR

VARD
most
ipal Boys
his year
n Julian
omime,
arts," at

DOROTHY DICKSON

(Left.) Who will be seen in "Dick Whittington," the pantomime due to open at the Garrick Theatre on Boxing Day. She was one of the most successful "Peter Pans," a part which she first played in 1925

Amidst all the changes of theatrical fashions, year in and year out pantomime survives to rise Phoenix-like from its own ashes at the approach of the New Year. On these two pages are seen some bright particular stars of that world of spangles, syncopated airs, and slapstick where "boys" are girls, "dames" are men, and mundane cares cannot enter

FAY COMPTON

Who made a very successful début in pantomime last year, will be seen as a Principal Boy again this year. She will take the title-rôle in "Dick Whittington" at Glasgow

"PALMY DAYS"—STARRING EDDIE CANTOR

One of the chief ingredients in the talkie revue, even as it is in the stage revue—the charming chorus of "Palmy Days," the new Samuel Goldwyn production, are seen in one of their numbers which cannot fail to make glad the heart of man

Barbara Weeks shows off some attractive pyjamas to Eddie Cantor, who is obviously impressed by the beauty of the raiment—not to mention that of the fair wearer. Eddie Cantor is one of the few really funny men on the screen

Eddie Cantor, the star of "Palmy Days," and Barbara Weeks get busy on the telephone lines in one of the amusing sketches from this talkie, which is described as a "song and gag festival"

Eddie Cantor finds himself involved in a considerable spot of bother and realises he is but an "also ran" in the Popularity Stakes. "Palmy Days" opens at the Dominion Theatre on Boxing Day

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ANDROMEDA

By DOROTHY BUCK

Illustrated by C. LINDEN

HE is a man I have always disliked. He wasn't, for the matter of that, what you could call a popular fellow anywhere—at his clubs, or among his few intimate acquaintances, or even with the directors of charities to whom he gave in a large and scornful manner. You will realise how strange this was when I tell you the man was a multi-millionaire.

Imagination baulks before the problem of exactly what a man as rich as this would have to do to become inacceptable in society. The Decalogue contains crimes too pallid; not one but is susceptible of being sufficiently gilded as to appear a mere indiscretion. Of course there are various vices, some of which are suitable for drawing-room discussion and some are not. But although Ingleby Hertford had committed nothing in particular, people fought shy of him. They, so to speak, drank his champagne but never could forgive . . . *what*, no one exactly knew. But one curious and unpleasant trait he had was to boast of anything particularly mean, shoddy and repulsive he had done, as other people boast of more meritorious actions. I have never met that trait in anyone else.

THIS unpleasant characteristic and his appearance were probably sufficient to account for his lack of the usual sycophantic followers—the Yes-men, as the Yanks put it—who follow in the wake of a millionaire. The fellow's puffed and pasty face suggested a bad mushroom, too. One had a disagreeable feeling that if he ever got that punch in the face he so often richly deserved, the puncher's fist would sink into pulp. . . .

He was never a man I cared to talk to, but we were on nodding terms—my Club is one of the dozen or so to which he belongs and where he occasionally drops in. Also on more than one occasion he has buttonholed me—I think because he feels my antagonism, and because it gives him a sort of sour satisfaction, a bitter stimulus, to feel himself disliked. This is perhaps how it came about that a few weeks ago he forced me to listen to a most extraordinary story. He had run across me in one of the few places on earth where I should have thought one might be free from his presence—a commercial town in the South of Europe whither business had taken me. I was sitting on the terrace of a café overlooking the sea, meditatively sucking at a straw whose latter end was in a glass of excellent noilly-cassis, when his familiar toad-face loomed up. I felt no pleasure, and did not assume it, but his satanic magnetism held me. The sequel, as a matter of fact, was so curious that I did not regret it.

After the indispensable greetings, indifferent on my part, slimily cordial on his, he began to unfold his tale.

"Something very queer happened to a friend of mine lately," he remarked unctuously. "It ought to interest you . . . on the look-out for copy, aren't you? They say history always repeats itself. But I'm willing to bet that this particular combination of circumstances has never occurred before . . . what'll you take, by the way?"

"Thanks, I'm not drinking," said I ungraciously. One of the things that irritates me most about his revolting recitals is the thin hypocrisy of that "friend" of his.

"My friend," proceeded Hertford, settling a cigar comfortably in the corner of his lipless mouth, "was head-over-heels in love with a woman——"

"I thought you said," I observed disagreeably, "that there was something original about this story?"

"Wait. We shall come to it. The beginning is banal, as banal as life. Well, my friend—he is a very rich man, by the way—fell madly in love with the wife of a young Australian. It was the first time he had been in love. He had had a good many *affaires*, of course, but experienced nothing faintly approaching a sentiment up till now. But this one was different. . . . She was, as it says in the fairy-tales, as good as she was beautiful. She was also as useless and stupid as she was good. It was a tiresome combination, because it prevented her from seeing where her advantage lay, so rare a thing in women. She persisted in being faithful to her husband. This was the sheerest folly, for she happened to have married a complete waster, for whom she retained, incidentally, not the slightest affection. But she had one son, a little boy whom she adored. As I said, she was really hopelessly foolish, because my friend would have taken an interest in the boy, too. Why not?

"Well, she soon realised that it was no use depending on her feckless husband. He was out of one job and into another, never making good, just dropping slowly down the scale. She therefore decided to take a hand. She invested all her capital in a hat and gown business in Maddox Street. Didn't make it go, of course. She'd no business sense. She believed in everybody, and thought everybody so kind to her, because even while cheating her they were sometimes — men, anyhow — moved to a momentary compassion by her beauty. She believed in my friend, too; she accepted his attentions and his advice, and when he would have led their talk to more intimate subjects she pretended not to understand. Sometimes I even think she did not understand. As I have said, she was as stupid as she was beautiful.

"To look at she was like Venus de Milo, but with a pair of heartrending eyes. Big and fair and fresh, with every line flowing so sweetly that it was like music made visible. She was not in the least like her looks, she was cowering and timid inside, and her bewildered soul looked out of two immense blue eyes made intelligent by pain. I suppose my friend loved her because she was his exact antithesis. For more than a year he used every means in his power to get her, working delicately and slyly, worming his way into her confidence as a maggot worms its way into the heart of a rose. But he found her terribly, terribly difficult, because you never know what the good will

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

do next. With ordinary people you know, because self-interest suggests the obvious course. There was no obvious course for her, because she was too stupid to be selfish. . . .

"The business went from bad to worse, but she wouldn't give it up, because it was the only thing on which she had to depend. Her husband's remittances were scarce and irregular. And there was a tiny yard behind the shop where her little boy played and where every few minutes she could fly to look at him. She couldn't have done that in any other sort of job. Consequently she clung frantically to the shipwreck. Presently she came to the point which of course my friend had foreseen . . . she borrowed money from him."

"I am still waiting," said I with an ostentatious yawn, "for the something original to come along. So far your story seems to be following the average film scenario with complete fidelity."

The fact was he had compelled my reluctant interest in the woman who was as good as she was beautiful and as stupid as she was good. I felt a pang of pity for her. Hertford had detestable facility for word-pictures. It seemed to me that I could see the dumb misery of this forlorn Venus. Nevertheless, the tale was hackneyed.

Hertford, who drank like a fish but was never drunk, finished his third apéritif.

"I AM coming to it. She borrowed money—a sum that was of no consequence—a few hundreds. She engaged a new designer. The few hundreds melted away. My friend put it into her head that publicity was the thing, and she borrowed a few more hundreds from him for that. She tried mannequin parades where cocktails were handed round. All the smart hard-ups dropped in for a cocktail—you know what women are. My friend was very clever. Just when she was in despair and had decided to go bankrupt he would send along half a dozen women he knew how to manage to order a few expensive frocks, and just keep the place going a bit. Hope alternated with despair—as the cliché goes. Finally, she was indebted to him for five thousand pounds. All she had—lock, stock and barrel—would have sold up for a thousand. She was so incorrigibly muddle-headed that, when he broke the complete sum of her indebtedness to her, she nearly fainted. It was the moment to get down to bed-rock.

"Here she caused him a distinct disappointment. Having at last grasped what was expected of her she so far forgot herself as to declare that if there were no other way out of the impasse she would commit suicide and take the child with her! This rather shattered his ideal of her placidity, the spectacle, so æsthetically satisfying, of her continual gentleness. Then she went to her husband, and, heaven knows by what means, stung him into action. Knowing her, I feel sure that she cannot have said anything very vitriolic. But the fact is, Destiny—aided, in this case, by my friend—had driven them both into a corner. Even the gentlest, timidest things, armed with neither teeth nor claws, become almost dangerous when cornered. These two were too foolish and too gentle to be able to cope with civilisation. Every sensible man knows that the strong must prey on the weak. But those among the weak who have their wits about them sufficiently may live to be parasites of the strong. These two showed a fighting spirit that accorded very ill with their capabilities. . . .

"HERE is where melodrama steps in, stark, staring melodrama, too strange to be believed if it were printed in a book, but yet actual, concrete fact. My friend, of course, kept his eye on the two of them . . . waiting. Every movement either made was known by him. He knew, therefore, when a legacy suddenly dropped from heaven (some dim and unknown uncle who little knew what he was doing) at the husband's feet. A tiny legacy—a mere drop in the bucket, sufficient to provide for them for a few months—a few hundred pounds.

"This, my friend thought, would delay things a little, retard the inevitable end, no more. He wasn't even sure what that end would be, but he knew that this thing had become the purpose of his life—she would die, or he would have her. Suddenly his private detective informed him that the husband had left for . . . I shall not tell you the exact name. All the big gamblers know it, because it

". . . *And still the young man did not move.*

has the only Casino in Europe that is not a State Casino, run by a syndicate headed by a mad millionaire. There is no maximum. It is the only play worth watching.

"He—the waster—had always been a gambler. When he got that money he decided to take a sporting chance—quite the sort of thing my friend would have done himself. Five hundred pounds was no earthly good to him; it wanted ten times the amount to save them. So off he went, travelling third class, a shabby dress suit in his grip, his entire fortune in his note-case.

"He left his grip at the hotel, dressed and went to the Casino—always followed. One is not sure what his intention was; he may have meant to try his luck at shimmy—people who want to play a big game don't usually go in for roulette—but anyhow, he stopped as he passed the roulette table, as gamblers do, to test the atmosphere a bit—see what was coming up.

"You can imagine the scene . . . the usual collection of harpies crouched around the board, the people playing for fun, the people playing for dear life, the young man who meant to play for what he would doubtless have grandiloquently termed "something more." The little piles of chips, the flash of white, braceleted arms, the grim faces of the habitués, the little pleased gasps of the ingénues, the cry of "Personnel!" as some rich man or woman flung across to the croupier a tip that would have meant a month's living to our young friend. He stood up behind the other players, looking so calm that the Casino would have done well to turn him out then and there. You know how they hate scandals. When you see a shabby man watching the play with a desperately calm face you can be sure somthing is going to happen.

"It was a terribly hot night. His badly starched shirt-front began to crumple. His face was glistening—you know how nervous horses sweat sometimes before they've even moved! Then the heat overcame a woman sitting down at the table. She collapsed and had to be carried out. Somehow, amidst the struggles of those who were trying to carry her out and those who didn't want to lose their places for a little thing like that, the young man got pushed into the vacant chair.

"He hadn't meant to play; he hadn't even bought his chips. But suddenly a gambler's inspiration seized him. God knows how they come—the superstition of an overheard remark as much as any definite observation of recurring numbers or any system. It must have come to him with the suddenness of a voice calling aloud in his ear, for he didn't hesitate. He thrust his hand into his pocket, took out five hundred-pound notes, and planked the lot down en plein—on zero.

"You know as much about roulette as I do—forty chances against you, to begin with. Only fools who want to waste their money stake en plein. Also, zero had already turned up five times out of twelve.

"The little ball rolled round, hesitated between two numbers, seemed possessed of definite and devilish intention, rolled backwards . . .

"Zero it was.

"The young man had staked his all. A pile of lemon-coloured chips was pushed towards him to join the notes. The croupier hesitated for the fraction of a second, expecting a present of at least a five-louis chip after a coup like that. But the young man remained leaning over the table, one hand supporting his cheek and shading his eyes. It was impossible to see his face, but his hand did not tremble. All eyes were fixed on him, as you can imagine. The croupier's voice rang out: 'Messieurs—dames—faites vos jeux!'

"The young man did not move. Thousands of pounds lay in front of him, but he did not touch them. The croupier stared, then with a shrug announced, 'Rein ne va plus!'

"The original mise and the winnings still lay on zero. *And zero came up again!*

"You can imagine the sensation!

"And still the young man did not move. He had broken the bank, of course. The croupier, after a few breathless seconds, pushed a huge pile of money towards him. Every eye was turned on that bowed figure with its shaded face. Then someone next him touched him lightly on the arm. He collapsed and spread-eagled over the green baize cloth—stone dead."

. . . *The croupier, after a few breathless seconds, pushed a huge pile of money towards him*"

I FELT a little thirsty after the tale was finished. The fact was I had been pulling absent-mindedly at a long-dead cigar, and my throat was dry. The story had interested me because of the curiously picturesque twist Hertford has to his evil tongue when he likes. But I did not see the point

for quite thirty seconds after he had finished speaking. It seemed to have ended as I half-expected it . . . and then I saw. I sat up and called for another drink.

"Did she claim the money?" I inquired.

He had waited sardonically for me to grasp the point in all its bearings. His eyes closed in silent enjoyment of his cigar and his morbid story. Lashless and discoloured lids made them look exactly like the pale blisters on the skin of a toad. The man was really intensely repulsive.

"Of course," he said smoothly. "When she heard her husband had won her a small fortune, but died of the shock, she naturally put in a claim. Subject to certain taxes and restrictions she would certainly have got it. But the Casino employed a clever lawyer who had got hold of an unbeatable technical case. The point was . . . at what moment *exactly* did her husband die? Was it with the excitement of seeing his first win? If it was, that sum of money and no more was due to her. As I have told you, it was a few thousand pounds . . . it would have purchased what you might call her moral liberty at the hands of my friend. But it would leave the future as hopeless, the fear of destitution as gnawing, the boy's prospects as wretched. Whereas the total gains would leave her safe for life! No wonder she fought for them. Just think—peace, independence, safety, happiness . . . and release from the menacing shadow of that very determined man, *my friend*.

"But the Casino's argument was that the first shock killed the husband, that he had left on the mise because he was already dead, and that challenging of fortune was involuntary and posthumous. Therefore, since live men are the only ones whose actions are recognised as voluntary, they stuck to their guns and refused to admit liability for any but the first amount won. The judge adjourned the case. Medical evidence was called, endless technical points were raised, hairs were split to the *n*th degree in the endeavour to decide at what precise moment death occurred—it is a matter of seconds, at most a minute, you see. Of course, it was completely impossible to prove anything. A week ago the judge adjourned again. He'll have to give his decision, of course, for the Casino, since *her* point is unprovable. Meanwhile, she has wasted a third of the amount she'll get—that amount which was to free her, if not provide for her—in useless litigation. So stupid of her! . . . but she's been recklessly encouraged by her counsel."

"Who is he?" I inquired.

"Some fellow with an unpronounceable name. A dark young dago who looks like a film actor. All she could get cheap—probably he never had a brief before, but he's fighting the case tooth and nail because he's in love with her.

"Last week, at his wits' end, he asked for a further adjournment and a permit for the exhumation of the corpse. Futile, of course! No doctor in the world could fix the moment of a man's death with the necessary precision. However, to-day should see the end of it . . . that's why I'm here."

The man got up, gave a twitch to the mauve tie that encircled his mottled throat, and added:

"Care to come?"

"Come—where?" I didn't grasp it.

"The Tribunal where they're trying the case is a few steps off. My card will give us both good seats. The last hearing is due in a quarter of an hour."

I could see he loved this melodramatic ending to his story, wanted an audience who would appreciate the inwardness of the pitiful case, the better to satisfy his streak of cruelty. I wanted to refuse, if only to spite the brute, but curiosity was too strong. I longed to see the sort of beauty that had been able to attract the beast.

My curiosity was soon satisfied. She shone out of the midst of all those dark Latin faces with a sort of luminousness. She was very beautiful, but, I judged, less stupid than he thought her. Extreme innocence is so often mistaken for imbecility. She wore a very shabby black gown, and fixed on the judge a pair of anguished eyes that would have melted any other heart in court. She had a young lawyer who was even shabbier than she was, and looked at her with an adoration that was, if not illegal, at any rate indiscreet. But what I noticed at once was that he did not look anxious, although she did. He was in a state of suppressed and wild excitement, fidgeting, biting his nails, tapping the floor with his foot, and continually turning his head to glance out of the open door whence gleamed the incongruous peace of blue sea and waving palms.

"Neurotic fathead!" said Hertford pleasantly, after scanning him.

"He's discovered something," I said—more to annoy Hertford than because I thought it. "He's on tenterhooks. Perhaps there's going to be a coup de théâtre!"

"We're not at a crime play."

Hertford scowled. The President rapped for order with a little hammer and the proceedings began.

A long-winded and incomprehensible medical discourse by a new doctor called in by the defence. Yawns. In the middle of it somebody pushed in through the open door and, rushing in with the freedom allowed in a foreign court, put a package into the hands of the young lawyer. With the insouciance of a schoolboy he burst into the droning technicalities of the doctor.

"Monsieur le Président——"

"Will you be good enough, Monsieur, to observe the procedure of this court?" rapped out the President. And the fair woman looked at her lawyer as Andromeda—I should imagine—must have looked at Perseus.

"It is because I do not wish to waste the time of this court, Monsieur le Président—or yours!" said the boy in a voice that trembled so absurdly that one could hardly hear what he said. But the President heard, and fixed him with a dangerous glance.

"That is a large statement, Monsieur! Can you justify it?"

"I have evidence here, Monsieur le Président, that I think you will consider sufficient to stop the case—that I think the jury will think sufficient to enable them to render an immediate verdict for my client!"

And the young man stood there panting and trembling, while a wave of audible emotion swept through the susceptible court, and every eye was fixed on Andromeda! To feel the intense excitement, sense the passionate sympathy in that court, was to know one was under Latin skies.

"Be good enough to explain yourself, Monsieur!" said the President in an icy voice, but with an avid eye. The young man undid his package, which was wrapped in crimson paper, and held up—a photograph.

"Shall I hand it to you, Monsieur le Président?" said he, still in that voice of a schoolboy about to weep.

"Hand it to the jury first. What is it?" said the judge, with calm and unabashed curiosity.

"Conclusive proof in favour of my client, Monsieur le Président!"

You've probably seen a police-court case in France or Spain, so it will not surprise you to hear that there was a sudden rush for the jury benches from the Press table—which the indignant voice of the excited President was entirely powerless to prevent. I was part of the rush, by the way, and so was Hertford. Andromeda was hanging over the edge of the witness-box, white as death. You may not believe me, but the dark young lawyer was saying the craziest things to her in the full hearing of the court.

These things are catching. I distinctly remember snatching that photograph from the hands of a journalist who had snatched it from a juryman.

Even then I stared at it blankly. It looked like a Cubist picture set in a luminous circle, rectangles, triangles, squares . . . massed on one another.

"What is it—what is it?" we asked one another. And the young lawyer's voice rang out triumphantly, melodramatically, while we were still disputing,

"That is a photograph, Monsieur le Président, of the dead man's retina. Impressed upon it is the last light seen by those eyes in life, registered, as sometimes happens, by a moment of overwhelming emotion.

"The last sight he saw—as you can easily verify, Monsieur le Président, and as Messieurs les jurés will observe—the last sight as he hung with bent head over the gaming-table was ten forty-thousand franc rectangular chips, twenty ten-thousand square chips, thirty round chips worth five thousand each . . . together with the original stake in five English hundred-pound notes!"

D. B.

JEAN GILLIE

A sixteen-year-old dancer who is making her debut in "Bow Bells," the new Hippodrome revue. She is a pupil of Phyllis Bedells and a niece of Mabel Green, who, before retiring from the stage on her marriage, was one of the brightest stars of the musical-comedy firmament

CANADA TO-DAY

A bird's eye view of the city of Ottawa. The photograph was taken looking northward from Plaza

The Earl and Countess of Bessborough. The former took up his duties as Governor-General of Canada in April last, and both he and Lady Bessborough, who is French by birth, are very popular in the Dominion

OTTAWA— *Where the Next Imperial Conference is Staged*

By LADY TERRINGTON

It is fast growing apparent that Canada is becoming the finest jewel in the Empire's Crown and our Special Correspondent in the Dominion writes this week of the capital of what will become one of the greatest countries in the world

SHE has been called "Ottawa—more than a city," and this is her truest description. She is more than a city—she is the pulsing heart of Canada. Imagine the Houses of Parliament, beautified and living, and you have the capital of the Empire in Canada. And it is here the Imperial Conference next July, as at present arranged, is to be held.

THERE is something virginal about Ottawa. She is a mixture of Washington and Paris, and her history is to a great extent the same. As in the case of Washington, Ottawa was chosen as the site of the capital to end the squabbles of the other competitors. Over sixty years ago Toronto, Montreal, Kingston and Quebec were fighting for the supremacy, when Queen Victoria stepped in and selected the lumbering, timber camp of Bytown as the centre of her Dominion. To-day Ottawa has kept a great deal of naiveté of her youth, but has the polished exterior of a well-educated and charming young Parisian.

IN the last century James D. Edgar wrote of Ottawa, "Just as the patriotism of the Athenian was kindled at the sight of the Acropolis, and as every Scottish heart beats high when he sees the ancient castle on Edin's Hill, so every true Canadian is filled with pride in his country when he views the noble pile of federal buildings far above the foaming Ottawa, as they tower and glitter in the setting sun, and his feelings and actions are influenced for the better when he returns to his distant home, whether on the shores of the Atlantic, on the Western prairie, or on the far-off Pacific slope."

IT is very true there is something uplifting about the capital. Its situation is magnificent, the scenery perfect, and in the city itself an attempt has been made to crystallise the hopes and patriotism of the Canadian people.

OTTAWA has history, too, but not the medieval history of the French Canadian cities. Her history is the calm of a cathedral. She has none of the garish lights of the maritime towns, and none of the dull respectability of the inland towns. She is cold, and aloof, and conscious of her beauty. In effect, she revels in herself, and in gracious condescension says, "You may kiss our hand."

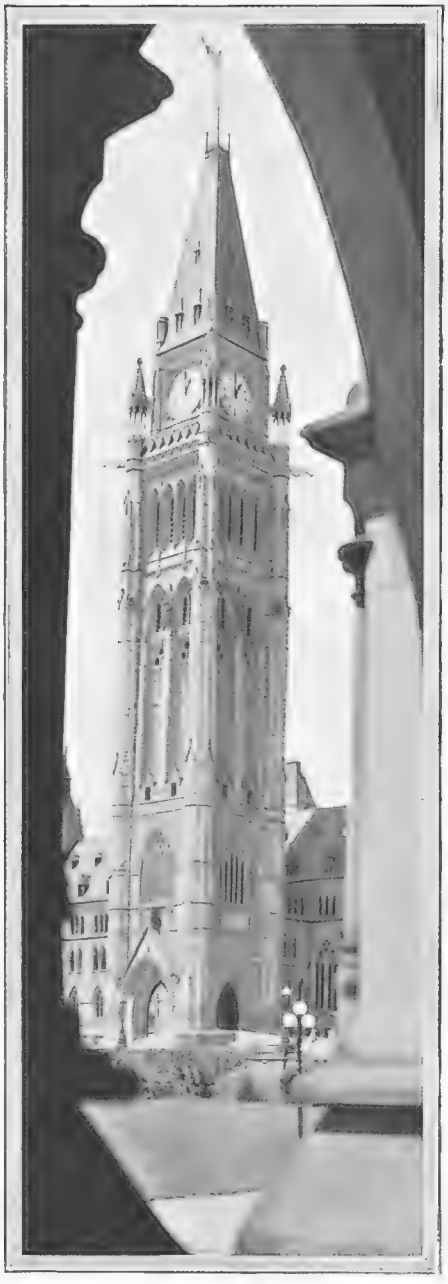
OTTAWA has more social life as we understand it than the whole of Canada put together. It is, of course, the home of the Governor-General and the centre of Society. The opening of the Federal Parliament is carried out with all the pomp and circumstance of Westminster, only on a smaller scale, and during the last few years the "drawing rooms," as Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria would like

(*Continued on page 610*)

GRACIE FIELDS' New Show: "WALK THIS WAY"

Two scenes from the Gracie Fields revue "Walk this Way" which opened at the Winter Garden Theatre last Thursday. Above, Morris Harvey is seen listening with evident appreciation to words of wisdom from some of the chorus and, below, Gracie Fields and her brother, Tommy Fields, are seen in an entertaining sketch called "Sunday"

OTTAWA (continued from page 608)



The wonderfully graceful Peace Tower in Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. The view was taken from the east block of the buildings

them still to be called, have come back to their former glories of veils and feathers.

CANADA has been lucky in her Governors. Lord Willingdon was popular and deservedly so, but the love born to Lord Bessborough is a very beautiful tribute to the Mother Country and to the Governor personally. He has endeared himself to the Dominion in many ways, and one of his greatest assets is his almost perfect knowledge of the French tongue. He has two other big advantages—his wife and his youngest son. Lady Bessborough, as everyone will recall, is a Frenchwoman, and there was at one time a little wonder as to how a "Huguenot" would mix. There is no doubt now, and the first lady in the land is the most beloved representative that has ever graced Rideau Hall. Nature has helped her natural charms, and the birth of a son, the first child ever born to a Governor-General whilst in office, has established an intimacy between her and the Canadian people which is only exceeded by their pride in her naming her son Lawrence in compliment to her present home. St. Lawrence is not only the waterway of Northern Canada; it is the very heart of the northern colony.

Rideau Hall. This imposing stone building, with the Royal Coat of Arms prominently displayed over the main entrance, is the official residence of the Governor-General

LADY BESSBOROUGH has endeared herself as well by a very attractive sense of humour which is illustrated by a remark when receiving the congratulations on the birth of her son. "Your Excellency," said a well-known Canadian to Lord Bessborough, "I think this is the best thing you have ever done." "Well," interrupted Lady Bessborough, "I know it is the best thing I have ever done!"

RIDEAU HALL, the Governor-General's residence, is built on the site of Mackay's Castle. Mackay achieved notoriety as one of the builders of the Rideau Canal, but that appears to be his only claim to fame. The building has been added to from time to time until now it is very attractive, but misses the home-like atmosphere of the Lieutenant-Governor's house at Quebec.

THE most outstanding feature of Ottawa is the Peace Tower, which commemorates the 60,000 men and women who lost their lives serving with the Canadian Forces. The builders conceived the lovely idea of an altar on which is placed the Book of Remembrance, containing the names of all their dead. Ottawa is just a beautiful city. Her streets are lined with maples, feathered elms and other trees, and whilst to the south the Rideau river ambles to the plains, the town is built on the crest of the banks of the Ottawa.

A Canadian nocturne. The street lights reflected in the placid waters of the river present a wonderfully impressive picture when night has fallen over Ottawa

"BUY FRANÇAIS" IN PARIS

Father Christmases setting out through the streets of Paris bearing placards, exhorting the Parisian to "Buy French," just as our own people are asked to "Buy British"

IN PARIS NOW

by ETHEL MANNIN

"EVERYONE," though you might not think so, is in Paris just now, breaking the journey on the way to the South, or on the way home from the South, or merely living here. A studio in Paris, or a flat, or a house just outside Paris, is becoming increasingly "the thing," it seems, in spite of the descent of the pound. The reason why, of course, is to be found in the fact that whatever the rate of exchange it *is* possible to live cheaply in Paris—it is "the city where you get more for your money."

MR. ELIOT HODGKIN, the young author of that very successful first novel, "She Closed the Door," is living here. At Eugene McGowan's show of pictures the other day I saw Gertrude Stein—four-square as a German frau, and leading a white poodle—whom I am told has a house just outside Paris. The outstanding picture of young McGowan's show, I thought, was the striking portrait of Charles Fry. But what depression there seems to be in the work of all these young painters of to-day! I saw McGowan a few days after his show with Raymond Mortimer over from London to look at a few exhibitions of paintings, including McGowan's. Ford Madox Ford is still living here, and is occasionally to be seen at the Café Flores.

AT Le Select, up in Montparnasse, the other night, I ran into Desmond Parsons again. He tells me that he is joining his brother, Lord Rosse, at Birr Castle for Christmas. We compared notes concerning Paris night-life, agreed that the Marine and the Ange Bleu are temporarily dead, that Dinah's is the most fashionable place just now, with the Train Bleu a good second, that the Boîte des Matelots in Montmartre is more amusing than the Montparnasse one, and that Florence, up in the Champs-Elysées, continues to be the chic place at the cocktail hour.

ON his recommendation I went along to Les Biguines, off the Boulevard Montparnasse, and found it quite one of the gayest of this kind of coloured cabaret which is so popular in Paris just now. The mural decorations are highly amusing, and the floor is big enough to move about on. A number of coloured people who were employed at the Exposition Coloniale are now finding work in cabarets, and have taken their exposition costumes with them. A little coloured girl who cannot be more than five or six years old is part of the cabaret performance at Les Biguines. She dances first with two coloured women, and then by herself. She is a lovely little creature, but I'm afraid I am not very good at seeing children performing late at night—and into the small hours of the morning—in the hot, noisy, smoke-laden atmosphere of a cabaret. Irresistibly I felt that I wanted to take the little one home and put her to bed.

MLLE. MABEL HARRIOT

Whose phenomenal luck at the tables has caused no small sensation on the Riviera. At one comparatively small establishment she broke the bank five times, with the result that the place has closed down for the season, the official reason being "lack of clients"

LA BOULE BLANCHE is almost too crowded nowadays to be comfortable—for dancing purposes, anyhow. There is a very attractive Hawaiian youth who sings and croons and strums a ukulele and wears a wreath of imitation orange flowers round his neck, and a troup of coloured girls in vivid costumes dance and sing enchantingly. It's amusing to sit up in the balcony and watch and listen if you don't want to dance on the crowded floor. The names of Jean Cocteau and Picasso and a well-known Parisian photographer are scribbled amongst the wild drawings on the walls upstairs. I watched an amusing incident from this balcony the other night. Seated uncomfortably on the edge of the dance-floor, at a table where they could not avoid being brushed against and jostled by the dancers, sat a sedate little Englishwoman in a brown lace evening dress, and a timid-looking little Englishman in a dinner-jacket. They looked very English and very conventional, and hopelessly out of place in that milieu. When a very big, very black negro professional dancer invited little Mrs. England to dance she seemed to accept him before she had realised what she had done. I feel quite sure that she was confused by surprise; she danced very stiffly and with an expression of distressed bewilderment, whilst her husband sat and looked on with a similar expression of rather pained surprise.

AND all about them surged a vivid sea of coloured people dancing with the abandon of their race, hips writhing, bodies swaying, to the endless, monotonous, curiously insidious beat and rhythm

of saxophones and drums, and that curious instrument which sounds like seeds being shaken in a can — barbaric, exciting music which has nothing in common with American jazz as interpreted by conventional dance bands —wild music, but with a kind of wail to it . . . and something completely beyond the comprehension of the conventional English person.

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WHEN the negro returned the little lady in brown lace to her table her husband paid the bill hurriedly and took her away. They weren't in the place for more than about ten minutes, and I am quite sure that they wandered in there by mistake, without in the least knowing what they were in for, or even that such places existed except in some remote, unreachable, "under-world" . . .

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WHAT a boutique fantasque Paris is, I thought, looking round the place, for there were French negresses, Hawaiians, Germans, English, French, Americans, all crowded together in one small room. Paris is Cosmos itself, surely!

The Creole Cabaret, just beyond the Lion de Belfort, is another popular midnight rendezvous, but the only chic coloured cabaret I have so far discovered is Le Train Bleu. To my mind, of course, the greater the chic the less the amusement.

"DISCOVERED!"

The simple portrait study by Herr Badekow with the one-word title which won the first prize of £200 at the Berlin Photographic Exhibition. The model for the above photograph was Miss Anny Ondra

WELL, enough of cabarets, coloured or otherwise, chic or "low." Congress Dances is proving popular here—under the title Congress S'Amuse —but as Conrad Veidt is not in this French version I am waiting until I come home to see it. The Soviet film, La Terre, draws the more radical element of the Intelligentsia—but the film showing tanks in action, which precedes it, nearly caused a riot the night I was there—and, I imagine, judging by the type of audience, must do every night — whistles, yells, hisses, and shouts of "Après la guerre!" from the young left-wingers who flock to see this film. The fashion film showing the latest mode in pet-dogs called forth similar howls of anger and contempt. The film of modern architecture and decoration, also included in the programme, invoked considerable applause, however, though there was derisive laughter when some of the old baroque types of buildings were shown for purposes of comparison.

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I WAS interested to see some of the very fine modern homes designed by M. Corbusier shown in this film. Corbusier is considered France's leading modernist architect at the moment. I see him frequently at the little restaurant off the St. Germaine to which I have several times referred, and where so many interesting people—particularly Russians—are to be found. Madame Corbusier is usually "a striking figure," and long before I knew who she and the scholarly looking man who was always with her were, I wondered about this interesting looking pair. In Paris the cheaper the places at which one dines the more interesting the clientèle.

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THE young English dancer who calls herself "Alanova" has just given a "one-man show" at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. It was a very large and chic audience, and everyone was unanimous in the verdict that Alanova's costumes were "ravishing" . . . but I found myself not alone in wondering how much of her night's "success" the young woman owed to her dressmakers, and how effective she would have been with a less striking and elaborate wardrobe.

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WELL, Christmas will be upon us by the time you read this, and "arbes de Noel" are everywhere, and barrow-loads of mistletoe on the boulevards. But Paris is suffering from a "Mistletoe Menace"—it appears the stuff grows so profusely in the trees as to be a pest, and there is a movement afoot to rid the Paris parks of a mistletoe plague which is threatening the life of the trees.

KING ALFONSO COLLECTS HIS BAVARIAN RELATIONS IN MUNICH

King Alfonso seen with a group of his Bavarian relations whom he visited when he went to Munich. Seated on right is Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria and standing second from the left is Prince Alfonso of Bavaria

SHOOTING NOTES

RAT & GREY SQUIRREL MENACE

By "CLODHOPPER"

SHOOTING readers of THE BYSTANDER will have read with interest Mr. Max Baker's recent note to the effect that, in spite of propaganda—and the "rat week"—the rat population is growing rather than decreasing in many parts of the English countryside.

AS a close observer of wild life I can vouch for the fact that these destructive and loathsome rodents are decidedly on the increase in not a few agricultural and game-bearing districts in the Midlands. Indeed, it was but a few days ago the head keeper on a big Nottinghamshire shoot assured me that, notwithstanding the inveterate warfare which he and his assistants wage against vermin from January to December, there appears to be no appreciable decrease in the number of rats on the manor.

HE attributes the trouble mainly to three important factors, namely, (a) disintegration of neighbouring estates into smaller holdings, the sporting rights over which are generally rented by shooting syndicates who do not kill down vermin systematically; (b) reduction in gamekeeping staffs; and (c) lack of effort on the part of local farmers who—"thanks" to foreign dumping during the past few evil years of Socialistic misgovernment — deemed it hardly worth while adequately to protect their cereal crops, in either stockyard or granary, from rats and mice.

BE this as it may, there is much evidence to prove that the rat menace throughout the district in question has grown more serious than was the case four or five years ago. And no doubt the same trouble prevails in many other parts of the country, to the great detriment of agriculture and game-rearing alike.

I AGREE, of course, with Mr. Max Baker in that the presence of rats in hedgerows and other nesting sites during the game-breeding season is fatal, especially in regard to partridges and wild pheasants. Also, that where trapping proves ineffective towards reducing the number of these pests, *judicious* laying of poison should be practised during the winter months, when herbage of all kinds is sparse. But, as Mr. Baker remarks, the putting down of poison is a delicate undertaking, requiring expert knowledge.

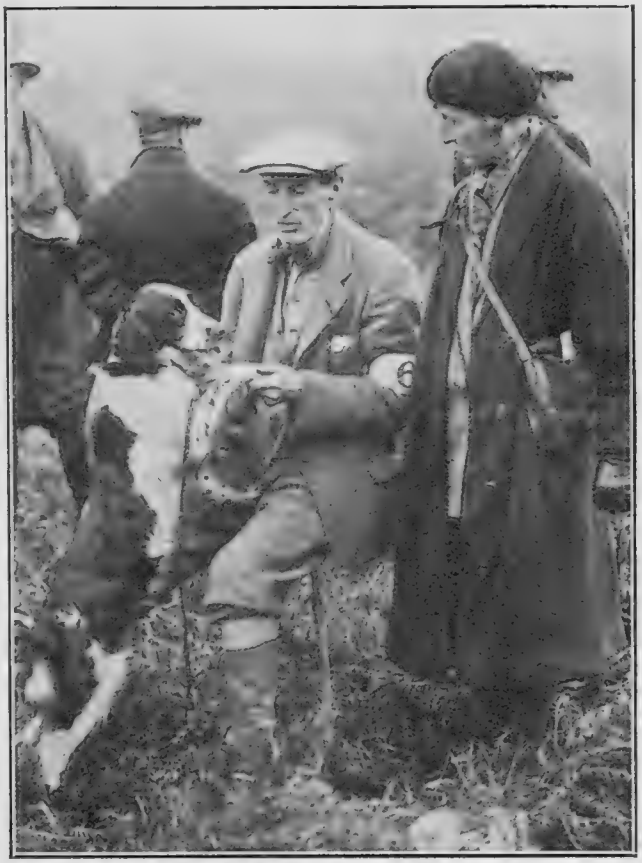
IN my experience the average official ratcatcher, though able, perhaps, to deal with farmyard vermin, could scarcely be entrusted safely to perform the dangerous operation of dressing a rat-infested area with poison.

NOR would I advise such work being done *sub rosa* by gamekeepers, more particularly in a foxhunting country. One could mention more than one shoot upon which—possibly unknown to the owners or lessees, as the case might be—poison has been put down with fatal consequences to not only hounds, cur-dogs, and foxes, but to cattle also. Perhaps the most curious case of this kind that ever came to my ken happened thus: The head keeper on a certain famous sporting estate experienced so much trouble from crows, rooks, and other egg-stealing pests during the nesting period of a couple of years ago that he determined to distribute some well-"doctored" partridge eggs round the hedgerows of one of the beats under his charge. A valuable shorthorn milch cow, of long pedigree and epicurean taste, swallowed one of the keeper's "dainties," and died suddenly, albeit painfully.

PERSONALLY, I am of opinion that all official ratcatchers should be put through a course of poison-laying by the Ministry of Agriculture, and their services placed at the disposal of game preservers, for, whatever may be said to the contrary, game-rearing is essentially an important rural industry.

APROPOS of destructive rodents, what about the protection that is being given to grey squirrels in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park? The Ministry of Agriculture recently placed these pestiferous little beasts in the same category as rats and mice, and strongly advocated their immediate extermination. If one remembers rightly, it was about half a century ago that two or three pairs of grey squirrels were introduced into England. Since then they have increased and multiplied enormously to distribute themselves over 14,000 miles of territory; play havoc with the woodlands, and practically wipe out of existence our own native red species.

IT will take years of constant warring against these destructive rodents to exterminate them. The Zoo executive, however, is apparently determined to foster its present stock of this noxious and unwanted American innovation in fur. In due course, therefore, we may expect to see not only the Zoological Gardens, but also the London parks, once again well populated with grey squirrels. It occurs to one that the only effective means of dealing with this menace to afforestation and to the lesser wild life of the woods and forest is to illegalise protection for the American grey squirrel both in the open and in captivity. A drastic remedy, perhaps, but a necessary one.



A photograph taken at the Eastern Counties Spaniel Society Field Trial Meeting at Merton, near Watton, in Norfolk. Seen above are Miss M. A. Bruce, the Honorary Secretary, and Capt. N. W. Tredinnick with his spaniel

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

HOLIDAY SHOOTING

IN arranging Christmas shoots for boys home on holiday remember that you are building up a recollection that long survives the occasion. Therefore, do all possible to scrape up something good from the oddments which remain. And above all don't cater for them as for their elders. The long waits while beaters are sweeping in outlying ground should be replaced by putting them in line, so providing extra sport with rabbits lying out and cock pheasants that have adopted a lonely career. Treatment of the rabbit earths beforehand greatly increases the opportunities on rough pasture and incidentally effects a reduction at the right time. Boys, as a rule, like rabbits better than birds, these minister to the hunting instinct and call for that mixture of activity, keenness and celerity which is the perquisite of their time of life. If facilities exist for providing some good spaniel work utilise them to the full, and whenever possible, avoid sending them home early. They can be posted at sundown where observation has shown that wood pigeons come in to roost; where ducks are available or can be drawn by feeding they may taste the thrills of an evening flight. The really keen youngster whom one hopes to nurture into the complete sportsman later on should do the complete circuit of traps with an old keeper who, besides other lore, will convey the lesson that shooting has its constructive side as well as that which pertains to handling the gun.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

REAL VICTORIANISM

By "Junius"

A George Cruickshank lampoon on Women's Suffrage in 1853. This, and all the other pictures, are from "Social and Domestic Life in England 1805—1861" by Mrs. C. S. Peel (The Bodley Head)

MRS. C. S. PEEL has chosen the happiest vehicle for a valuable and original contribution to our social history. Unless I am much mistaken, her book, *The Stream of Time* (The Bodley Head: 18*s.*), will be read and consulted long years after the carpings of the Neo-Georgians against the Victorian period, and their false deductions, are forgotten. Mrs. Peel has taken a family called London, and from 1805 to the death of the Prince Consort in 1861 gives us their history and that of their children—actually the history of fifty momentous years in our social, intellectual, and industrial life.

A pen and ink sketch made by Queen Victoria for the dresses of the bridesmaids at her own wedding, 1840

THE marriage of Emily and John London was one of the earliest between the aristocracy and the new order of rich manufacturers, the first breaking down of the caste rule that anything savouring of trade was taboo and untouchable. With the skill of a novelist, Mrs. Peel uses all the phases of English life in those years as the background for her characters and the happenings in their lives. A masterpiece of historical application, because you see every detail of their daily existence through their eyes—their clothes, their food, their domestic arrangements, how they travelled, their entertainments in London and the country, their friends and acquaintances. And these details Mrs. Peel has gathered from a mass of reading really amazing in its diversity.

A VICTORIAN BEAUTY

Lady Peel (formerly Miss Julia Floyd), wife of the second Sir Robert Peel

THE Londons meet most of the notable folk of their time, and through their family letters and gossip you hear news of Court doings and stories of society. But the Londons have a more serious side to their life. To John, the care of his workpeople; to Emily, the amelioration of the lot of poor women and children. Here Mrs. Peel gives us pictures of life in mines, in the mills, and in agricultural villages which are like a nightmare. But these conditions were accepted as part of the natural order of things by most manufacturers, mine-owners, and landlords. The Londons were one of the exceptions.

IT is only when you have the social history of these fifty years put before you as a whole that you realise the revolution in thought, manners, and conduct that marked the change from an agricultural to an industrial England, and, without being smug, the enormous advances we have made since the days when brutality, cruelty, and harshness were general. And in this alone Mrs. Peel has done signal service. A book everybody ought to read. The illustrations, too, some four score, are a picture gallery of those fifty years.

MR. JOHN FOTHERGILL is no ordinary innkeeper. He can arrange a menu for you not to be out-delicacied by any other country inn in England, served with wines which delight the palate of the most exacting gourmet, and all in an atmosphere of beautiful old silver and furniture. Mr. Fothergill has made inn-keeping a fine art. But if the calling has its pleasures, it likewise has many slings and arrows. The three you will find in *An Innkeeper's Diary* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.*).

MR. FOTHERGILL'S inn is the Spread Eagle at Thame, near Oxford. Thither all the lights of the art, literary, and academic worlds find their way. Mr. Fothergill is an institution, but I think his diary would be more interesting than it is were it less critical of the shortcomings of some of his visitors and a little less concerned with matters which are a subject of general conversation amongst plumbers. He adds one terror to life. He confesses that once he charged a number of "ill-shaped, ugly, or ill-dressed" people sixpence a head extra for their tea. If other innkeepers follow this example, is it not possible that the ill-favoured amongst us will be forced to apply for rebate on our income tax on account of "increased cost of living owing to lack of looks"?

THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by R. E. Spencer, is an eerie story of an old house inhabited by four sisters. To these come a widowed sister-in-law, Katherine, and her little girl, Mary. Katherine dies, and the child is brought up in an atmosphere of struggle between her mother's spirit and the semi-insane malice of her eldest aunt, Phœbe. This struggle between good and evil goes on even after Phœbe's death and into the life of Mary's son. The book is unusually well-written.

THE readers of *A Book with Seven Seals* (Secker: 8*s.* 6*d.*) will be divided sharply into two camps: those who

Illustrations on these two pages are reproduced from "the Stream of Time : Social Peel, O.B.E., and published by The Bodley Head at 18s.

find it trivial and dull; those to whom it will speak as *Cavalcade* has spoken on the stage. It was published privately three years ago, and sold no more than a dozen copies. Yet those few copies made warm friends, and since there are still many hundreds of people to whom it will recall the world of their childhood and youth, I prophesy an abiding place of honour for this book on many bookshelves. But as Mr. Hugh Walpole says in his preface, "They will be friends of a type, of a class, of a particular kind of mind."

You can scarcely call the book a novel. It has none of the canons of the novel—drama, clashing temperaments, absorbing events—but is just the simple record of the lives of a clergyman, his wife and family in Chelsea in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century, with all the surroundings, the ordinary daily happenings, and the mental outlook of the time. No novel could be so deeply moving, because here we have the actual life, with its humour, affection, pathos, beliefs, conventions, and restrictions which older folk have known—that life which Mr. Walpole describes as "the irrecoverable past." The author is anonymous. "JUNIUS."

DISSOLUTION AND WOE

LITTLE knots of people gathered in the village street to discuss and conjecture in dull, hopeless tones. Every face expressed the same dreary thought. Every voice asked the same weary question: "Is this the end?"

Young folk hung on the tales of their elders who had known it happen before. "Just like this," they said. "No warning. It came upon us suddenly as a bolt from the blue, confining us to the village, spoiling our days and all that made life sweet.'

"How long did it last?" the young ones questioned in anxious tones.

"Three days. Four. A week."

"A week. A week!" They clench their hands and murmur loudly against their fate. It is intolerable And in their utter despondency they slink to the cold water's edge, to huddle on the side and gaze out upon the glassy expanse. But whatever their intention it fades at sight of the mocking waste, and they creep back to mingle in the throng that haunts the village street, watching the skies—waiting for deliverance.

Nightfall comes and there is no change. And now cloaked and booted figures can be seen stealing from the houses, hurrying down the same street. Their common aim—desertion. To leave the stricken village; to seek the towns and cities where life and light will help them to forget to-day's bitter grief.

"Why should we stay?" they arrogantly demand of those who stop and question them. And the others shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and let them pass. Why indeed, when to-morrow night will mayhap see them taking the same trail?

They breathe deeply. Their nostrils are filled with the horrible warm air. The air that constitutes their fettering chains as surely as iron bands. What misery is theirs, for, alas, it is thawing in Mürren! C. FALCON.

OLD BROMPTON ROAD IN 1822, by G. Scharf

THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA
After her Coronation the Queen changed her dress and washed her little dog

THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM, OSBORNE
After the death of the Prince Consort, his portrait and a wreath were placed above his pillow

The Stately Homes

"This will catch ——," said Sir William Harcourt, when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, his devastating measure revolutionising death duties passed its third reading. The name he mentioned was that of a big landed proprietor whom he detested. By a rare instance of poetic justice Sir William himself was one of the earliest to suffer under an Act which increased death duties according to the degree of relationship. He succeeded unexpectedly to Nuneham, the Harcourt family place near Oxford, and was mulcted heavily by his own clauses concerning inheritance from kinsmen.

confiscation of capital. And that capital is used year after year as part of the national income.

There can be only one result—the sale or the closing of big country houses, with the consequent loss to local employment, tradespeople, charitable subscriptions, cutting down pensions to old servants, probably the raising of cottage and farm rents: in short, the

Lullingstone Castle, Eynsford, Kent, the five- the late Sir William Hart Dyke, is one of the given up. In the foreground are the late Sir William

Owing to heavy death duties Sir Oswald Hart Dyke, son of the late Sir William Hart Dyke, who died about three months ago, is unable to continue to keep Lullingstone Castle open. Above is seen the sale of contents in progress at the Baronial Hall

The confiscation of capital—glozed under the name of "capital levy"—has become the thickest plank in the Socialist and Communist platform. It has also become the practice in countries wherever the opportunity has offered. But in England—the monarchical and democratic—this confiscation has been going on steadily ever since the passing of Sir William's Act. Later legislation has added burdens both to land and capital, with the result that the ultimate burden is becoming too heavy to be borne, and whole estates, or part of estates, have to be sold merely to meet the death duties. However the process may be disguised under "duties," the fact remains that men have to pay fortunes to the State simply because they have inherited money or its equivalent in land. Actually, the withdrawal of one of the best influences in the English countryside, especially strong where the landowners have realised their responsibilities.

This has happened so often that it is becoming a commonplace. The latest instance is Lullingstone Castle at Eynsford, in Kent, where the Hart Dykes have lived in unbroken succession for five hundred years, a house famous for its hospitality and kindliness. The new baronet, Sir Oswald, has been obliged to close the house because, not only has he had to pay the duties upon his father's death, but also on the reversion of his elder brother, on whom it was entailed, who died in the late Sir William's lifetime. Lord Durham, too, has had to close Lambton Castle, near Durham, having had to pay something like half a million in duties owing to the successive deaths of his father and uncle. If the late Lord Durham had lived a little while longer the duties would have been three-quarters of a million.

Sir Oswald Hart Dyke hopes to return to Lullingstone in ten years' time, but the Duke of Newcastle, in

It is also heavy taxation and still heavier death duties th Castle, seen above, and offer most of the contents for Earls in 1929 resulted in nearly half tha

OF ENGLAND, NOW BEING CLOSED DOWN OR SOLD

THE CRUEL TOLL OF SUPER-TAXATION : BY FRANK HIRD

ndred-year-old home of
any historic houses to be
Hart Dyke and his wife

A King's Palace to let! The old palace, Richmond Green, Surrey. All that remains of the historic building, which dates from the time of Edward I, where Henry VII lived and Queen Elizabeth died, is to be let at a rental of £450 per annum. Even so comparatively small a rent for a palace is difficult to obtain in these times of terrible taxation

closing Clumber, after succeeding his brother, could entertain no hope so definite, and has lent some of the best pictures in the house to the Nottingham Museum. The Duke of Leeds was not even fortunate enough to be able to close Hornby Castle and wait for better times. It has been demolished and the materials sold piecemeal. Stowe House, in Buckinghamshire, which Lady Kinloss inherited from her father, the last Duke of Buckingham, is a public school. Moor Park, at Rickmansworth, formerly belonging to Lord Ebury, is a country club. Ashridge Park, the old Brownlow property at Berkhampstead, had to be sold, and was bought as a memorial to Mr. Bonar Law, and is now a training college for Conservative workers. And so the list goes on. These instances are repeated all over the country.

hich have compelled the Earl of Durham to close Lambton
ale. The deaths within four months of the third and fourth
alue of the estate being paid in death duties

Lafayette

The Earl of Durham, who has been compelled to shut up Lambton Castle, thanks to excessive taxation

Lord Derby, reputed to be one of the wealthiest peers, is forced to offer Derby House, Stratford Place, W., for sale for the same reason

THE Duke of Portland has already expressed doubt, publicly, whether his heir will be able to live at Welbeck. There are rumours, too, that two big ducal castles, one in the North and the other in the South, may have to be closed, and now comes the announcement that Lord Derby wishes to dispose of his London house in Stratford Place.

ANOTHER sign of the pressure of taxation is the coming into the market of The Old Palace at Richmond, the homes of Kings and Queens from the time of Henry I to Queen Charlotte, and where Queen Elizabeth died. For many years it has been the scene of delightful parties given by Mr. Middleton, who has done much for its restoration. Yet other signs are Princess Mary leaving Chesterfield House, and Lady Louis Mountbatten leaving Brook House. And Devonshire House, Grosvenor House, Dorchester House, Lansdowne House, Spencer House—where are they? Taxation answers—flats or clubs.

GOLF GOSSIP

FROM TEE TO GREEN By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones

Mrs. Walter Payne, one of the members of the Committee of the Golf Ball held last Thursday at Grosvenor House in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. She is seen with some of the many prizes given by well-known professionals and sports firms for competitions held during the course of the evening

EASE of access is a great advantage to any golf club near London in these short days; the accessability of Coombe Hill was brought home to me very forcibly last week-end. My partner and I left the West End at 11.30, stopped for petrol en route, and arrived at Coombe Hill before noon; played eight holes, a short visit to the 19th, lunched, and completed the round by 3.45 p.m. The return journey to South Kensington occupied less than twenty minutes.

* * *

AT Coombe four-ball matches are permitted to start from the first tee. We found ourselves sandwiched beween two four-ball matches. Archie Compston being one of the players in that following us, we were not held up to any extent, the slight delay on the tees providing us with an opportunity of watching Compston's play, and it was worth watching. We did not see him play the 1st, but watched his three at the second from a good tee shot. He laid a perfect spoon shot dead for a three at the 3rd. At the 4th he just failed to reach the fairway over the trees, taking the direct line for the green; but, from what appeared to be a bad lie in the rough, he played a beautiful shot to within three yards of the pin and again sank his putt. Another outstanding shot was his tee one at the short 12th, which pitched about six feet from the pin and stopped within a couple of feet.

The course is in fine condition, the fairways being wonderful for the time of year. Mr. Peter Wood, the secretary, tells me that thirty new members have been elected recently, and that they are more than satisfied with the progress of the club.

* * *

"GOLF Club Snobs." Under this heading prominence is given in one of the Sunday papers to a letter from a correspondent signing himself A. S. W., who recently came from Scotland and joined a London golf club. He says English golf clubs are the home of snobbery, and that he has not spoken to a single member since he joined six months ago. I believe that he himself is largely to blame for this state of affairs; surely if he asked the secretary he would introduce him to some of his fellow-members, and once the ice was broken he would find that his acquaintances would increase, and probably some would ripen into friendships.

* * *

WE Britons have an international reputation for being reserved, and possibly the English are more this way inclined than the rest of us, but, compared to foreigners, we are all much alike; I can give an excellent illustration of this. A titled man I know joined a club, and for a long time spoke to no one; eventually he met one or two members, and before long was on intimate terms with nearly all, and one member in particular became his greatest friend. Some years after this friend said, "Do you know, when you joined the club, everyone put you down as an out-and-out snob? I thought so, too; then it dawned on me that it might not be snobbishness, but reserve; and I went out of my way to know you and speak to you, and, knowing you as I do, I now realise I was right." Possibly had this member not been un-English enough to rather force himself upon the other the latter would have continued to be looked upon as a snob instead of one of the most popular members of the club, as he undoubtedly was.

* *, *

SHOULD we not, however, bear this in mind and pass the time of day with those we meet at our clubs, even if, at times, our greeting is not enthusiastically received? It must be bad for us as a nation to be considered snobs; and if one of our own race, after six months' experience of what must be an average London golf club, has this impression, surely foreigners must feel it much more strongly.

* * *

THE PRINCE OF WALES has consented to become president of the Royal North Devon Club for 1932. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, became patron of the club in 1875.

* * *

E. E. WHITCOMBE, the eighteen-year-old son of Ernest Whitcombe, was the winner of the Bournemouth and District Alliance meeting at Parkstone; he returned 72—4=68. He is assistant to his father at Meyrick Park.

D. A. Curtis, Queen's Park, Bournemouth, was second with 67+3=70. He played a great round, going out in 33 and home in 34, incidentally creating a new record. He is one of the longest drivers in the country.

* * *

NOW to all those readers who have paid me the compliment of reading this Gossip, may I wish a Merry Christmas and good golfing weather?

"How is your companionate marriage working out?"

"Terribly! I've lost my wife's address!"

* * *

"DEAR Miss," wrote a mother to the teacher, "please don't whip our Tommy, as he is not used to it. We at home *never* hit him except in self-defence."

* * *

TEACHER: "What is Northampton noted for?"

TOMMY: "Boots and shoes."

TEACHER: "Correct. And Chicago?"

TOMMY: "Shoots and booze!"

FLYING NOTES

An Imperial Airways' liner is used as a charabanc for Saturday afternoon flights over London. Some of the forty passengers from George Lunn's party after the event, which is arranged at an inclusive charge from the West End and back again

THOUGHTS FOR A FLYING NEW YEAR

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The London Clubs

THERE must be many newcomers to flying and others who will become interested next year who do not know the social amenities available to them in and around London. The Royal Aero Club has moved recently from Clifford Street to 119, Piccadilly, and the change as far as members' comfort and facilities are concerned is remarkable. The new clubhouse was occupied by the Cavendish for many years, and, in addition to a large dining-room, a lounge, a reading-room, and bar, there is a squash court, a billiard room, ladies' reception room, and a number of excellent bedrooms for which the charge is as low as seven shillings a night. The old club was noted for its good food at a price considerably below that at most other West End clubs, and the tradition has been transferred to the new buildings, where quality and variety are of the best. The Royal Air Force Club at 128, Piccadilly, is known to most potential members, being limited to serving officers and those who have retired from the Royal Air Force or any of its auxiliaries. Clubs near London which maintain aircraft and give instruction are three in number: the London Club at Stag Lane, Edgware, home town of the Moth; the one at Heston, on the Great West Road; and National Flying Services at Hanworth Park. A little farther afield there is a club at Brooklands. If you have any doubt as to whether you will give your son or daughter, your nephew or niece, a cheque, or something more tangible as a seasonable present, why not consider a year's subscription to one of the clubs, all of which, with the exception of the R.A.F.C., are open to anyone interested in sporting or professional flying?

What's in a Name?

THERE has been a lot of talk at various times about defining the meaning of words used to describe things aviational or aeronautical, whichever it is. So far, the pundits have succeeded only in making confusion worse confounded. A "flying boat" can be called a "seaplane," but a "seaplane" —the winning machine in the Schneider Trophy race, for instance—cannot be described as a "flying boat." Both are "marine aircraft," which is an awkward term when used in the singular, and still more incongruous when applied to a machine designed for operation on rivers and fresh-water lakes. "Aerodrome" is the word used to describe any definite area of land where flying operations, involving landings and departures, take place; but how and when an "aerodrome" attains the dignity of an "airport" is still somewhat of a mystery. Then we have those hybrids the "airpark," which is a contraction of aeroplane park; the "air station"; and, finally, the common "landing ground," which may mean anything from a ten-acre field to a vast expanse of desert fitted with a wind sleeve, a petrol dump somewhere underground, and marked by a number.

Aerodromes Must be Graded

WHEN is a landing ground not a landing ground? The answer is —when it's under water. Which brings me to a point mentioned last week in these Notes concerning the unsafe state of some of the alleged airports, aerodromes, airparks, air stations, or landing grounds. An aeroplane needs no highway—it requires nothing but a safe place to land on and depart from. Just as harbours want dredging, so do airports and the rest of the alighting places need draining. The amount of damage which is caused every year to aircraft through being arrested suddenly in their course over ground by mud or soft soil is enormous. A machine either goes on to its nose, or in a particularly bad case may even turn over on its back. The same difficulty occurs in the case of light 'planes when operating over uneven ground, and the latter is an especial danger if a machine is being taxied across wind. The owners of any licensed landing place have no right to charge fees if the surface is not kept in perfect order, and it seems to me quite time that all such places should be graded, as they are in America, so that those who maintain a safe "harbour" for aircraft can receive full marks and reap the benefit from increased traffic.

The "American Clipper" flying over New York. This is the largest amphibian in the world and has been used recently by Colonel Lindbergh for a pleasure cruise in the West Indies, on which he had some thirty other people as passengers

Keeping Up to Date

A MOTOR coach proprietor has ordered four Puss Moths from Brian Lewis in order to operate an air hire service in the Eastern Counties. This enterprising individual is Mr. E. Hillman, who has built up a fleet of 100 coaches out of profits in less than four years.

MOTOR NOTES

"BAD WEATHER BOGIES" By E. M. Wright

ALTOGETHER too much is made of the difference between winter and summer motoring. The worst offenders are not those who lay up their cars at the end of the summer, but keen winter motorists themselves. Their hints on driving in fog, or over ice-bound roads, although they are meant to be helpful, often suggest far worse difficulties than are met with in the ordinary way. A prolonged course of cold weather hints is apt to leave the inexperienced motorist with the firm belief that winter motoring is nearly as perilous an adventure as a trip to the Pole, and that the car is almost useless unless you are ready for every vagary of our ill-famed climate. So vivid are our memories of chilly runs in insufficiently protected open cars that thousands still look on winter motoring as an ordeal which only the hardiest can endure. As a matter of fact, the ordinary saloon is so well protected against icy blasts that it can be uncomfortably fuggy.

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I DO not in the least deride these winter hints. It is essential to know what you ought to do in a fog; how to protect your car against frost, and how to negotiate treacherous roads. But the important point to remember is that conditions such as these are unusual and are not the rule. If you count up the days when the weather really does make motoring somewhat difficult you will find that they represent only a very inconsiderable proportion of the winter. For most of the time it is as safe and as easy to drive a car in the middle of winter as it is in summer. How often does ice or snow make our roads treacherous to drive upon? How often do we "enjoy" a real pea-soup fog? Roads are, I admit, liable to be slippery—more shame to those who build them. But, despite the reams that are written on glass-smooth, treacherous roads, how often are they really dangerous?

***

SNOW, ice, fog, and other winter ills are rare; so rare that in some parts of the country they are hardly met with at all. Nevertheless, every driver ought to be ready for any emergency, and so I, too, will give a few hints—with, however, this express qualification, that the conditions I speak of are not to be regarded as normal, everyday experience. Fog is one of the worst bugbears of winter. Controversy rages at the moment as to what is the best light to use. I have already given the official view of the R.A.C., who favour the use of amber-coloured lights. The A.A. disagree, and recommend motorists to direct a fairly intense concentrated beam to the near side of the road, either from a fog lamp on the near-side dumb-iron, or a spot-light attached to the near-side pillar of the windscreen, so that you are able to look either over or under the beam. You may take your choice.

***

HUNDREDS of competent drivers dread a skid. They do not realise that skids are largely preventable, and that, furthermore, they can be cured. Sudden braking, sudden acceleration, and sudden cornering on a slippery road will provoke a skid. Steering into the skid will help to straighten you up. If you drive on at a moderate speed and with reasonable care you can negotiate the most treacherous roads without mishap.

The s.s. Tainui recently arrived from New Zealand with a record cargo of butter for consumption in the British Isles, and when the boat left for New Zealand it carried a shipment of 122 Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks. This shipment is exactly one half the month's supply for New Zealand and but a small fraction of the total Overseas sales of products from the Vauxhall factory at Luton

IN THE NEWS

Avoiding Skids

It is not generally known that it is an offence under the Road Traffic Act to run on defective tyres, but recently there have been quite a number of convictions. Apart, however, from fear of the Law, it is very poor economy to wear your tyres right down to the canvas, particularly at this time of the year. Unless the car is fitted with comparatively new tyres all round with plenty of tread still showing, you are merely inviting skids. Many motorists still regard a skid as something which just happens and which it is impossible either to avoid or correct; but many skids are the result of sheer carelessness. Certain types of road are admittedly treacherous, but that is all the more reason why you should look occasionally to your tyres and drive with added caution.

Easy Starting

For the benefit of those who find difficulty in starting their cars on cold mornings here are some hints in digestible tabloid form, which I think should prove an excellent cure for this distressing complaint. 1. Use a good brand of fuel. 2. Use winter grade of oil if this is recommended by the makers. 3. The oil in the gear box should not be too heavy, although this difficulty can be overcome by depressing the clutch when starting. 4. Avoid excessive use of the strangler and be careful that the carburetter is not overflooded. 5. When the engine fires release the strangler as soon as possible, and allow the engine to run for a few minutes at a fast idling speed, i.e., the equivalent of about 20 m.p.h. on top gear. Very slow running is just as harmful as over-fast running.

When on the road do not drive hard until the oil pressure has dropped practically to normal. The plugs and the make-and-break points should be absolutely clean and in proper adjustment. A plug should not be used for more than 10,000 miles. Lastly, and this is most important, batteries should be fully charged and in good condition.

Facing the Fog

Driving in fog is often a most amusing game of blind man's bluff, though I will admit you only appreciate the humour of it afterwards. The A.A. tell a good story of one of their guides who overtook a convoy of motorists following a horse-drawn lorry, all on the extreme off side of the road. He brought them back on the correct side of the road and proceeded to take the lead. All went well for a mile until they reached the outskirts of a town where the lights made matters worse. After successfully rounding a corner the guide looked back and was surprised to find that he had lost his entire flock.

One motorist, mistaking the red light of a street refuge for a car in front, had crossed to the extreme off side of the road. A second driver had turned with the kerb into a factory yard. Ten others followed him, to the utter confusion of the convoy. Another driver was following the kerb round and round a residential square! Our English climate has many sins to answer for, but perhaps we owe much of our sense of humour to its little vagaries.

Don't be vague, ask for (—).
You will find the missing word in the face above.

No finer whisky goes into any bottle

DOGS

TEACH HIM A TRICK By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM not one of those people who think it derogatory for a dog to perform tricks. I certainly think it is a great mistake for lions and tigers to be asked to perform absurd capers, and I don't like dogs that act in circuses, but I do think that it is both amusing and good for dogs to learn tricks when taught by their masters.

There is a wonderful Alsatian called Dean that some of you may have seen. He has frequently done a turn at the Piccadilly Restaurant. Well, that dog is just a pet, and his master is an amateur handler, yet he has brought him in a lot of money.

I AM not advocating teaching a dog tricks from the mercenary point of view. Indeed, there are few private owners who would be capable of teaching a dog sufficiently well to enable it to act for money in public. But you can often give a little demonstration at a garden fête, or some such charity entertainment, which will attract a lot of attention and give a great deal of pleasure. And from the point of view of the dog it does him all the good in the world to learn a few tricks, for it develops his brain and awakens his sense of responsibility All dogs should work, for the original dog was a worker, and the dogs of to-day who are happiest are those who herd sheep or cattle, or otherwise earn their living. Therefore, I am giving you a few simple tricks which are easy to teach, and which make a good display should you wish to give a little entertainment.

JUMPING through hoops and gradually accustoming the dog to jump through a hoop which is in flames is a very good "stunt," but, of course, you must begin gradually. Take a hoop and make the dog walk through it. When he has done so give him a tit-bit, and repeat the manœuvre. At the end of a few minutes he will jump through the hoop when it is a few inches off the ground. That is sufficient for one day. The next day raise the hoop a little till he is making a higher jump. Never tire the dog, and never let him "get away with it." If he refuses to do a jump, lower the hoop, but go through it he must. Always reward him with something tasty until he has learned to enjoy the jumping. If he turns cunning and runs under the hoop you must put a leash on him, and make him jump through it, making a great fuss of him when he does so.

ANOTHER good trick is to pick out the British flag from amongst the other nations' flags and to bring it back in his mouth. To do this the dog must be taught to retrieve, which is an exercise by itself, but it is only a matter of time and patience. You begin by placing a small light stick, but an unchewable one, in the dog's mouth, and saying: "Carry." Have your hand ready to prevent him dropping it out, and as you see his jaws open give him a tap under the chin. You need a great deal of patience over the "Retrieve," and you must only work at it a short time every day.

An Alsatian belonging to Miss B. Kelly proving his prowess by jumping through a hoop whilst holding another in his mouth. In the accompanying article Lady Kitty Ritson discusses the vexed question of teaching tricks to dogs

CHRISTMAS ANNUALS

BETTER and better seems to be the slogan used by publishers when they send out annuals. Opening Tuck's "Little People's Annual" it is as if one has been suddenly set down in the midst of a busy farmyard with all its animals; cut-out realistic horses, cows, sheep, fowls, etc., which spring to life against the background of a real old English farmstead. This volume, with its fascinating come-to-life pictures, will undoubtedly be a great favourite. (3*s.* 6*d.*)

CHILDREN, and especially little children, simply adore books about animals — faithful-looking dogs, mischievous cats, innocent rabbits, woolly, frisky lambs, squirming guinea pigs, and aloof cockatoos are only some of those represented in Blackie's "Fun with the Pets" (2*s.*) and "My Animal Book" (1*s.* 6*d.*). Both are delightful for tiny tots who want their stories all in picture form. "The Hide and Seek Story Book" is for older readers, but equally interesting with its stories, "The Gipsy Spell" and "Phœbe's Fairy," and colourful illustrations. (Blackie.)

"JUMBLE BOOK" is full of amusing verse with pictures to illustrate it by Caterina. (Stockwell: 3*s.* 6*d.*) The "Schoolgirl's Annual" includes contributions from May Wynne, S. Beresford Lucas, and Frances Cowen, and is liberally illustrated with photographs and drawings. (Collins: 5*s.*) "Tales of the Wild," by H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S., contains a number of the author's latest and best stories of the wild creatures he knows so well. The drawings are by Mr. Ernest G. Aris, who has a great knowledge of nature subjects. (Collins.)

"See Me Dance The Porker." One of the amusing illustrations by Lawson Wood in his latest production, "Fun Fair," published by Arundel Prints

"BOYS' ANNUAL" is a large volume with heaps of stories, adventure tales, sea yarns, treasure stories, and one wonderful descriptive article, "Round Cape Horn in Sail," by A. J. Villiers. An annual that will provide a great deal of interesting reading. (Blackie.)

COLLINS' "Boy Scout's Annual" is a fine large volume with stories and articles which all boys will appreciate whether they are scouts or not. Among the contributors are V. M. Methley, L. Dickerson-Watkins, Andrew Sandham, and S. Beresford Lucas, who has written a story called "Sam Gilpin's Cavalier." Motor annuals are always eagerly hoped for and much read by all boys, and Collins' Annual this year is full of articles written by authorities in the motoring world. These include Sir Henry Segrave, Herr Caracciola, and Capt. F. Kingdon-Ward, who has written an exciting account of a motor car trail which was blazed through the jungle.

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Tundridge*

FASHIONABLE EVENING FROCKS

A new romaine has been used for the graceful evening dress on the left. As artificial light plays on it, it looks as though water was streaming over it. Important features of it are the narrow belt and the short train which is an integral part of the frock. It comes from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, and so does the model on the right with its decorative coatee, which can be removed in the fraction of a second. The entire scheme is expressed in old gold satin

SLIMMING UNDIES

PONYSKIN COATS AND COURTAULD'S FABRICS

There is much to please and nothing to cavil at in this admirably tailored suit from Studd and Millingtons, Conduit Street. It is carried out in fancy suiting with dyed squirrel collar and cuffs

Gifts for Oneself

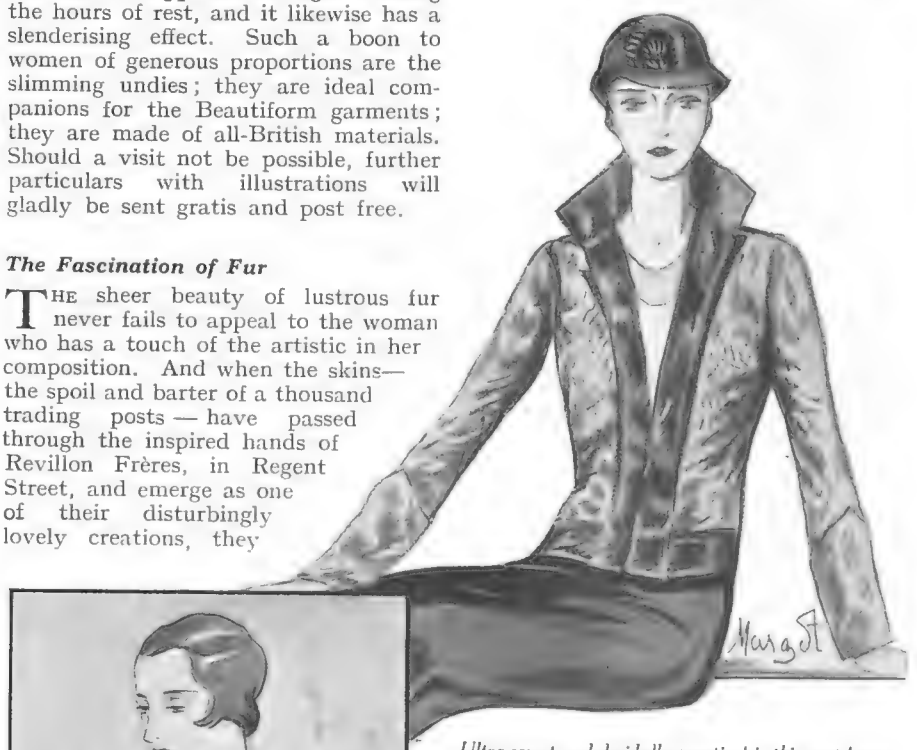
Now is the time when the majority consider the necessity of giving themselves something that is useful. No matter how much may be written to the contrary, women do like to look slender; therefore, attention must be drawn to the Beautiform garments, whose general headquarters is 91A, Baker Street (entrance in Crawford Street). These garments support and control, and, by eliminating pressure, reduce. It is not until they have been worn for a short time that it is possible to realise the wonderful work they perform.

A Sleeping Brassière

A MEMBER of the Beautiform family is the sleeping brassière. It is impossible to say too much in its favour; it supports the figure during the hours of rest, and it likewise has a slenderising effect. Such a boon to women of generous proportions are the slimming undies; they are ideal companions for the Beautiform garments; they are made of all-British materials. Should a visit not be possible, further particulars with illustrations will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

The Fascination of Fur

THE sheer beauty of lustrous fur never fails to appeal to the woman who has a touch of the artistic in her composition. And when the skins—the spoil and barter of a thousand trading posts — have passed through the inspired hands of Revillon Frères, in Regent Street, and emerge as one of their disturbingly lovely creations, they are indeed something to be desired. Most wonderful of all, in these days of depleted incomes, is the fact that not a few of the prices are within the reach of an almost exhausted dress allowance. The smart half-length coat pictured on this page is carried out in fawn-coloured pony skin, smooth and silky, with facings of the same skin, only in a darker shade, to provide the perfect finish. Furthermore, there is a unique collection of broadtail, Persian lamb, mink, and musquash coats, as well as those of ermine for evening wear.

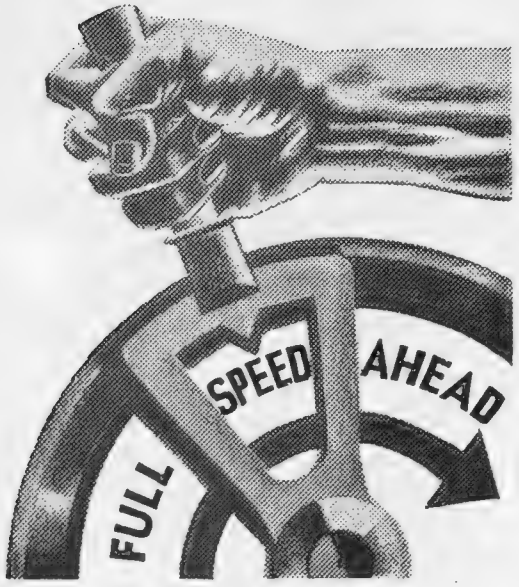


Ultra smart and decidedly practical is this coat from Revillon Frères. It is expressed in fawn pony skin, the facings being of a darker shade

The woman who is clever with her needle will be able to make this nightdress and coat from Courtauld's crepe de Chines or satins. They are of British manufacture and are sold practically everywhere

Fashionable Coats and Skirts

ALL who require suits or wrap coats for town or country wear, planned on smart, graceful lines, should visit Studd and Millington, Conduit Street. Here practicality walks hand in hand with the latest fashion, for while materials are chosen for their enduring qualities, they cannot fail to charm the lucky individual who invests in them. Sketched on this page is a costume in fancy suiting of a blue, or some might call it slate, grey, with collar and cuffs of dyed squirrel. The neat belt and useful patch pockets make it an affair to be worn on all occasions, as suiting is definitely lighter than tweed, and it looks well in town.



BRITISH IS THE BEST POLICY

When a modern advertising campaign is prepared, the form of its appeal is decided by what is called the "policy" laid down in advance.

"Sell British" is the best advertising policy of to-day. The British public want British goods. Never before was the demand so urgent or so insistent. The producer of British goods who tells the public that his goods are British—who marks them, labels them and advertises them in such a way that they *must* be identified as British—is going to reap a rich reward at the expense of his foreign competitors.

British manufacturers! Help the public to "buy British." Don't take too much knowledge for granted. Proclaim the origin of your goods.

Tell the public—

"This is British"

ISSUED BY THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

A Christmastide Dinner

SHRIMP COCKTAILS.

CLEAR SOUP.

SOLE WITH MUSHROOMS.

OYSTER PATTIES.

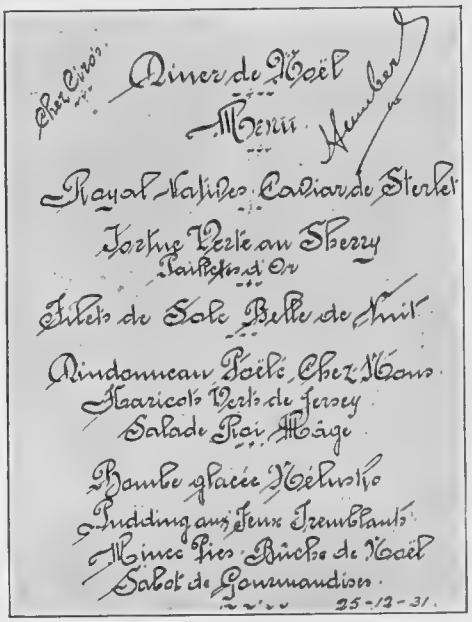
BOILED TURKEY.
CELERY SAUCE.

NEW POTATOES. TONGUE.

PLUM PUDDING
WITH ALMOND SAUCE.
ICES.

ANCHOVY AND TOMATO CROUTONS.

DESSERT. COFFEE.



CHRISTMAS ON THE RIVIERA

The menu of the dinner to be served at Ciro's, Monte Carlo, on Christmas Day

Shrimp Cocktails

PUT into the bottom of a rather large wineglass a good dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, cover with picked shrimps, and then add a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce in which a few drops of Tabasco pepper sauce have been added.

Oyster Patties

PARBOIL two dozen oysters in their own liquor, remove the beards, strain the liquor, and cut up the oysters in three. Make a white sauce, using some of the oyster liquor, put in the oysters, let them heat gradually, season, and add a little lemon-juice. Have ready some puff pastry, line some patty pans with it, put a piece of bread in each, put on the covers, brush over with egg, and bake. When done enough, remove the piece of bread and fill with the oyster mixture; put on the covers.

Boiled Turkey

SELECT a hen turkey for boiling, as it is whiter. Skin a pound of sausages and add to them a little salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Fill the turkey at the neck end with the stuffing, truss nicely into shape with skewers and string, and put it into a saucepan with enough water to cover it. The breast should be turned downwards. Bring it to the boil, skim well, then let it simmer gently for about two and a half to three hours, allowing twenty minutes to each pound. Serve masked with celery sauce and garnished with a little hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve.

Almond Sauce

TWO ounces of butter cut up into a basin, to which add one ounce of caster sugar, sixteen bitter almonds, blanched and pounded, half a wineglassful of brandy. Beat all together near the fire until the same looks like clotted cream. (This is an old family recipe.)

Anchovy and Tomato Croutons

BONE some anchovies and pass them through a sieve, mix well with some tomato sauce, sprinkle lightly with cayenne pepper, and spread thickly on fried rounds of bread. Serve very hot.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Christmas Reminder

Christmas is pre-eminently the children's festival, and the time of year above all others to which they look forward. Unhappily there are all too many kiddies in this country of ours for whom Christmas holds no promise of good cheer and joy, and if we more fortunate ones will spend a few moments of this season in thinking of them and then doing something practical to help we shall certainly enjoy our own Christmas all the more. The wonderful work done by Dr. Barnardo's Homes in caring for orphan and destitute children is too well known to need any stressing, but what is not so well known is the terrible struggle the Homes are experiencing in their attempts to carry on their great work in the face of grave financial difficulties. What better Christmas gift, then, could we possibly make than a donation to these Homes? Be it large or small, it will be deeply appreciated, so lose no time in sending all you can possibly spare—and then a little more!—to The Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E., Honorary Treasurer, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Christmas Aid for the Deaf

A special presentation scheme of the world-famous "Ardente" has been arranged by the local service bureau of this well-known organisation. This scheme comes at a time when those afflicted with deafness are more conscious of their disability than any other time of the year—for they are debarred from joining in all that Christmas brings. The deaf, or those interested in the deaf, are strongly advised to call or write to 309, Oxford Street, W.1, and find out all about this world-famous "Ardente" method.

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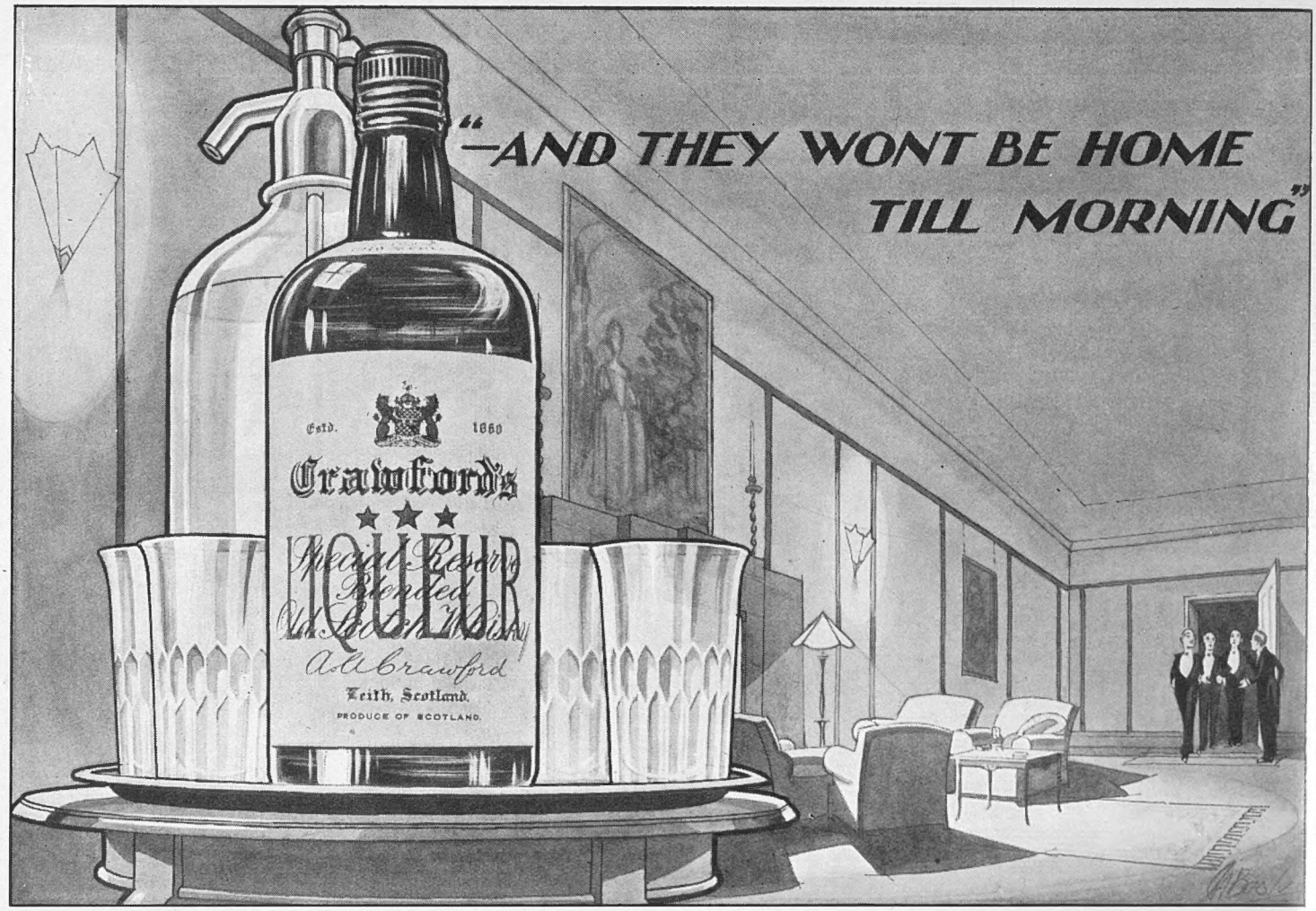

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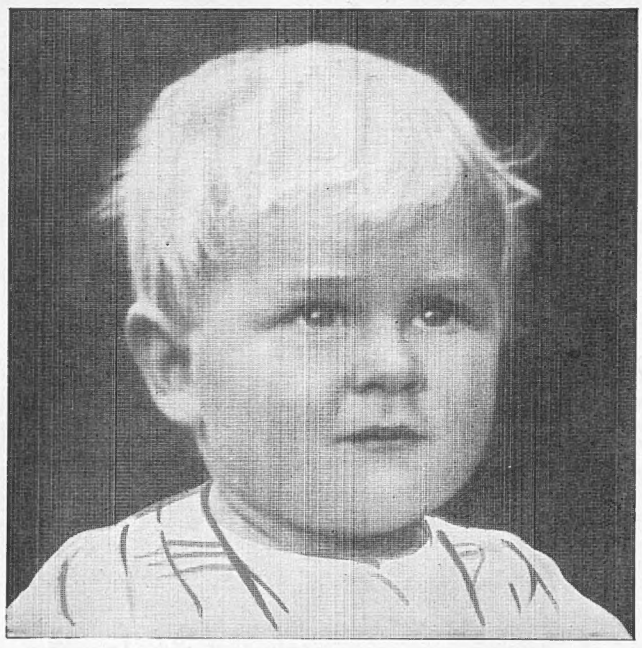

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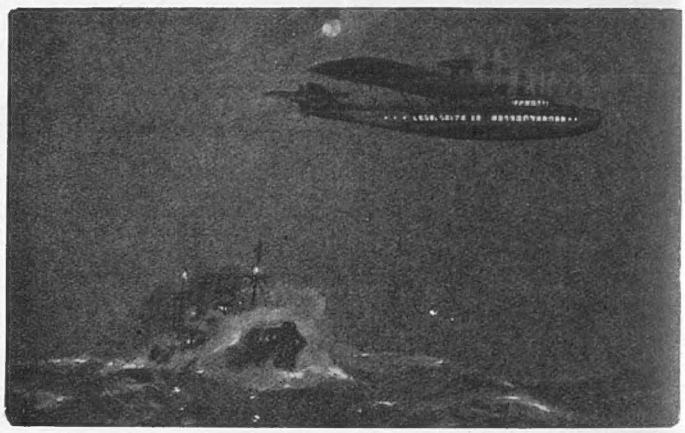

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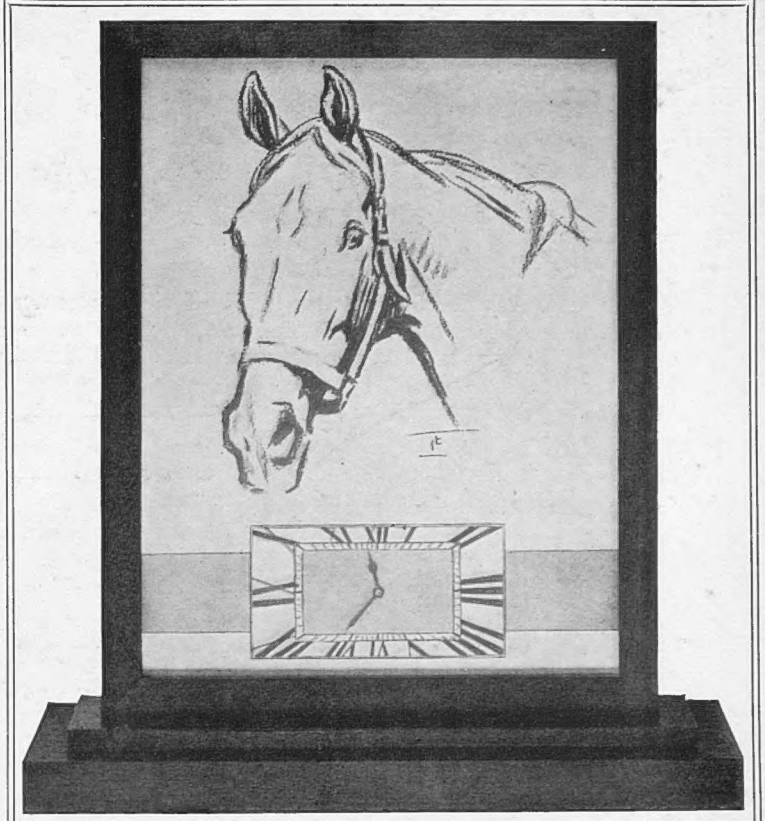

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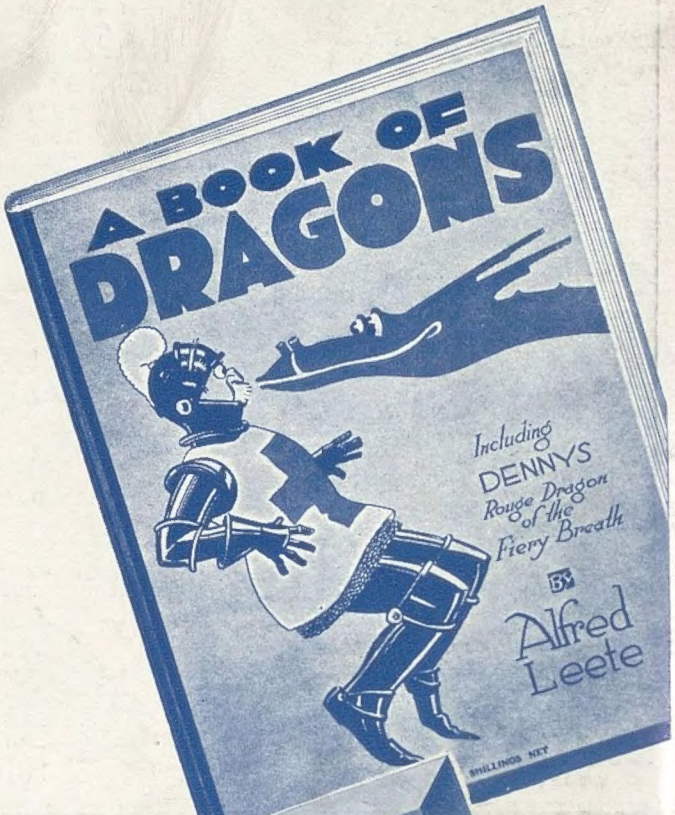

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